

The Legacy of NEHRU

a memorial tribute

Edited by
K. Natwar-Singh



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THE LEGACY OF NEHRU

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EDITOR'S NOTE

This book was first published in 1965 in New York by the John Day Company who were Pandit Nehru's American publishers. I am indeed glad to see it in its Indian *avatar*. This is due to the generosity of Mr. D.N. Malhotra, of Hind Pocket Books, who has agreed to donate the proceeds to the Jawaharlal Nehru Memorial Fund. Reading it again has been re-assuring. It stands up to the test of time. Death has not diminished the stature of Nehru. As a leader of men and as a visionary statesman his name appears high on the list of the truly great leaders of the twentieth century.

He was so prominent a figure of his time and played so important a part in shaping history that inevitably there will be many full-scale biographies of him written by historians and by his friends and contemporaries. When I was collecting material for this book, I knew there would be many elaborate memoirs of him by his own countrymen and others; what perhaps would be lost in the literature on the late Prime Minister would be the accounts and memoirs of people all over the world who knew him briefly or well but did not have the occasion to write of their encounters. I thought these less likely to see print but equally important for future generations to form some picture of the human side of the great man and the kind of impact he made

on people of diverse nationalities, points of view and ways of life, in their meetings with him.

With this in mind I wrote to Pandit Nehru's great contemporaries in different parts of the world. They responded immediately and sent me their reflections and reminiscences. Dr. Radhakrishnan, Lord Attlee, Lord Bertrand Russell, Dr. Arnold Toynbee, Ms. Pearl S. Buck, Mr. Adlai E. Stevenson, Mr. Norman Thomas, U Thant, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., Mr. Ilya Ehrenburg have died but what they wrote and said then still holds good and rings true. I am so glad I had the good sense to approach these friends of Nehru when I did.

What is the yardstick by which we judge the greatness of an individual? Is it his personal qualities or his public and political achievements? There is one test which an individual has to pass before he can be classed as great: did his life in any way change the world? To this in the case of Nehru the answer is an emphatic yes. He certainly changed the face of India, and by doing so he unleashed vital and powerful forces in Asia and Africa and the world. Some parts of the world are what they are because he lived. I thought that my generation owed it to him to reflect on his life, and one way of doing this was to see what others have to say about him now that he is no more.

The tributes of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., Mr. Ilya Ehrenburg, Ms. Pearl S. Buck, Mr. James T. Farrell and Dr. Linus Pauling were specially written for this volume. Also my own, which may today appear too gushing and sentimental; but this is how I felt then and still do.

I am aware of his shortcomings and failings but these are the shortcomings and failings of a noble human being, not of a tyrant. He came into the world with clean hands and left it with clean hands. Of how many other great men can this be said ?

U Thant's tribute was delivered as an eulogy at the Community Church, New York, after Pandit Nehru's death—Ambassador Bunker's similarly at the Washington Cathedral. Mr. Stevenson's eulogy delivered in the Security Council of the United Nations on the day of Pandit Nehru's death is combined here with the welcome address that he made on the occasion of Pandit Nehru's first visit to the United States in October 1949 when Mr. Stevenson, as Governor of Illinois, greeted the Prime Minister in Chicago. Mr. Norman Cousins' tribute was published in the *Saturday Review* in June 1964. The essays of Lord Bertrand Russell, Lord Attlee and Mr. Raja Rao appeared in the *Illustrated Weekly of India* in November 1964; Dr. Toynbee's essay in *Encounter* in June 1964 and Mr. Norman Thomas wrote his for the September-October 1964 issue of *United India*. This was slightly modified by me after consulting Mr. Thomas.

For me the editing of this book was a labour of love. It is with honour and humility that the publishers and I donate the profits from it to the Jawaharlal Nehru Memorial Fund in New Delhi.

London

K. NATWAR-SINGH

To My Mother

Earl Attlee

NEHRU IN RETROSPECT

MY first encounter with Jawaharlal Nehru was when I was on the Indian Statutory Commission in 1928. He was standing with a number of young men shouting, "Simon, go back." We next met just before the Second World War. We met at Sir Stafford Cripps' house and discussed the Indian problem. We worked out and agreed to a scheme for the summoning of a Constituent Assembly to decide on India's future. This was in fact the proposal which Cripps carried to India on behalf of the wartime Cabinet on the so-called Cripps Mission. It would have succeeded and might well have resulted in a united India, but unfortunately failed owing to the opposition of Mahatma Gandhi.

Indian independence had to wait until I was

Prime Minister. I sent out the Cabinet Mission whose well-intentioned plan failed of acceptance owing to Hindu-Muslim tension which had much increased in the interval. I invited Mr. Nehru and Mr. Jinnah and the Viceroy, Lord Wavell, to come to London to discuss the matter with my colleagues and myself, but once again no agreement could be reached. I was much impressed by Nehru's wide outlook, charm and reasonableness.

Thanks largely to Lord Mountbatten, but at the expense of dividing India, I was enabled to introduce and carry through the Indian Independence Bill.

When Nehru and I next met, we were both Prime Ministers at a Commonwealth Conference. There I could admire the ability of the Indian Prime Minister to hold his own with such men as Field Marshal Smuts, Mr. Curtin of Australia and Mr. Peter Fraser of New Zealand. At these conferences, though much of importance occurs at the formal meetings, a great deal of work is done at informal talks, especially on problems of internal moment to a particular Dominion.

I can recall many, many long discussions with Mr. Nehru on the vexed question of Kashmir, sometimes between the two of us, sometimes with other Prime Ministers, but they proved fruitless. Although we proposed every possible variant in order to have a fair plebiscite, to which he had already agreed in principle, we could not get acceptance from Mr. Nehru. I have always considered this the blind spot of a great statesman.

Whether it was due to his being a Kashmir Brahmin by descent or to some other cause, Mr. Nehru, so wise in other matters, was quite adamant on the question of Kashmir, though always courteous and patient. Apart from this he had shown high statesmanship in deciding that India should remain in the Commonwealth, a statesmanship matched by that of the King and the other Commonwealth Prime Ministers in accepting the desire of India to be a republic.

Henceforward over many years, with frequent meetings, I became more intimate with Mr. Nehru and much admired the way in which he piloted his country through the transition period and the difficulties of a country emerging into full independence. He had the inestimable advantage of being equally versed in Indian and European cultures. He could, therefore, while fully aware of his problems and those of Asia, also understand European and antipodean outlooks, as well as that of the United States. He was of course a strong supporter of the United Nations and gave his support when the UN decided on intervening to oppose aggression in Korea, and sent an ambulance unit to co-operate with the Commonwealth Division in that country.

I recall too that my last meeting with him in India was when we spoke together in support of World Government in New Delhi. It was natural that he and I, as fellow believers in democratic socialism, were in close sympathy. I understood the enormous task which he had to undertake in seeking to raise the standard of life of the people

of India. Though of course rejoicing in the attainment of freedom by the Indian people, he was far too broad-minded not to recognise the good work which had been done over the years by British administrators, and was far too wise to fall into the error of some nationalists in seeking to destroy everything which had been introduced or belonged in any way to the former ruling power. I recall his advising a statesman of an undeveloped country just emerging from colonialism not to be too hasty in getting rid of the British elements in the administration, knowing how great a service the new India owed to Indians in the services trained under British rule.

Naturally as a disciple of Mr. Gandhi, he desired to follow a policy of nonalignment and to avoid taking sides in the ideological struggle between East and West though he was far too good a democrat to accept the philosophy of Communism. Indeed one of his greatest titles to fame is having kept India on the democratic path and to having created the most populous democracy in the world. Equally, he withstood extreme regionalism which might easily have prompted fissiparous tendencies, for he recognised that unity was one of Britain's greatest gifts to India.

He was, I think, like other strong pacifists, too prone to judge others by himself. It must have been a great blow when he found that imperialism was not just a voice of white capitalism, but could be found in full force in Communist China. Aggression against Tibet was followed by armed attack

against India, and Nehru himself had to resort to armed force to repel it. Having many pacifist friends, I could understand his point of view, but I was unable to share his optimistic outlook on world affairs. But it is, I think, to his credit that when faced with the fact of aggression he did not shirk the issue but took a realistic view. He thus showed one of the attributes of a statesman in having the power to learn from experience.

Nehru was of course a great moral force. He was selfless and never fell into the error of seeking to make himself a dictator or of assuming superiority to other men. It has been said truly that power corrupts, but it is also true that not all holders of it are corrupted by it, nor did he fall into the error of seeking to get quick results by adopting undemocratic methods. It may be that he held on to power too long, but this was not, I think, from any ignoble ambition to continue in his high position but from a desire to serve India to the utmost of his power.

There are few, if any, parallels in history to the magnitude of Nehru's achievement, and whatever storms in future may blow up, India will be eternally grateful to the man who piloted the Ship of State on her maiden voyage with so few errors of navigation. He will rightly go down in history as one of the world's great men who lived up to the high ideals which inspired him.

Pearl S. Buck

ALWAYS A LEADER

THERE are a few people in each century of human life upon this earth who affect the lives of all of us. Such a one was Jawaharlal Nehru. For more decades than any other one person in his time, he influenced us, East and West, and always for good. Even when he was unjustly criticised by those who did not know him, he exerted this influence. The result was that he became a figure universally respected for his independence and loved for his integrity and personality.

He was always a leader. I remember that my own admiration for him began in the days when he was a young follower of Gandhi. I admired Mahatma Gandhi, but I know very well the power of such a man as Gandhiji, and I was amazed to

see how Jawaharlal Nehru, though young, maintained his own mind and will while according to the older man every sign and depth of affection and respect. This ability to defer and yet not to submit was a symbol of the greatness that was to show itself so plainly and forcefully as the years went on.

I have deplored, certainly, the lack of understanding that the leaders of my own country at times showed toward Prime Minister Nehru. Again, however, I have seen his greatness when he never retaliated or exhibited bitterness. Meanwhile, the years have shown the correctness of his political stand. Under his leadership India remained a pivot nation between East and West, her people able to speak the language of both. Through the most troubled times that human history has ever known, Jawaharlal Nehru was able steadfastly to hold his people together and to weld their variety into a whole—a nation strong enough to stand firm, I believe, for centuries to come.

I do not forget other aspects of Jawaharlal Nehru's nature, his charm, his brilliance, his grace of manner and bearing. I know that had our times been more peaceful he could have found a high career as a creative writer, for his style of writing was distinguished and his imagination alive and quick. I regret the loss of the books he might have written had he not devoted his talents to his country in political life. I am grateful for the few important books he wrote, all of them basic in their importance. Yet I suppose it is true that

India needed the active daily leadership that he provided more than she needed books.

At all events, Jawaharlal Nehru is unforgettable. He began his life in the shadow of Gandhi, but he soon emerged into the full light of his own day, and there he lived and will live forever, not only as the greatest figure of modern India, but also as one of the very few truly great men in all the world. I count it as one of my most treasured experiences that I met him face to face and heard his living voice.

Ellsworth Bunker

INDIA GREW BIG UNDER HIM

NEHRU gave to his country and all mankind so much in thought, word and deed that we are all the richer for his having lived among us.

In his person, his courtesy, his charm, his thoughtful acts of kindness, his courage, his cultivated mind and wisdom, lightened by a sense of fun, were all part of an inner grace that shone through—are all treasured memories of those who came to know him well.

As the leader of his country in the fateful years after Independence, he gathered and marshalled all of its resources, as no one else could, for what he liked to refer to as the great adventure on which it had embarked. This was the adventure of building the world's most populous democracy. He also

clearly saw that his leadership would have influenced beyond the borders of India; that as India went, so also would go a great part of the developing world. Thus much of what he said—his passionate devotion to peace, his unwavering belief in political democracy—came to have meaning for people everywhere. They had meaning for us because they sprang from shared cultural values, the belief in a moral order that stood above man-made laws, and the belief that peace, freedom and human dignity were imperatives of this order.

To an extraordinary degree he possessed the power to communicate these ideals to people of all walks of life and all degrees of learning, not only in India but in all the world. As we in this hour renew our memories of Jawaharlal Nehru let him speak to us of those things he cherished most.

He deeply felt that freedom is best secured and continued under the rule of law and by democratic methods. He once told a visiting journalist:

I would say that democracy is not only political, not only economic, but something of the mind, as everything is ultimately something of the mind. It involves equality of opportunity to all people, as far as possible, in the political and economic domain. It involves the freedom of the individual to grow and to make the best of his capacity and ability. It involves a certain tolerance of others and even of others' opinions when they differ from yours. It involves a certain inquisitive search for truth—and for, let us say,

the right thing.

In 1948 on the first anniversary of India's independence, he spoke to his countrymen in terms not unlike those with which President Kennedy exhorted us in his Inaugural. The Prime Minister said:

All of us talk of India and all of us demand many things from India. What do we give her in return ? We can take nothing from her beyond what we give her. India will ultimately give us what we give her in love and service and productive and creative work. India will be what we are; our thoughts and actions will shape her. Born of her fruitful womb, we are children of hers, little bits of the India of today, and yet we are also the parents of the India of tomorrow. If we are big, so will India be, and if we grow little-minded and narrow in outlook, so also will India.

That India grew big under Jawaharlal Nehru none would gainsay. He gave his "love and service and productive and creative work" without stint.

But he knew that love and service were severely tested in this world of harsh realities. Addressing the House of Representatives during his 1949 visit to the United States, he said :

We have to achieve freedom and defend it. We have to meet aggression and to resist it, and the force employed must be adequate to the purpose

But even when preparing to resist aggression, the ultimate objective—the objective of peace and reconciliation—must never be lost sight of. And heart and mind must be attuned to this supreme aim and not swayed or clouded by hatred or fear. . . .

Jawaharlal Nehru knew that democracy was no easily bought commodity, for he saw around the world the flames of democracy flicker and die many times. A requisite for its continuity in his country, he felt, was peace and world order. To these goals he constantly strove. “For us,” he once told President Kennedy, “Peace is a passion—not only a passion but something which all of our logic and minds drive us to as essential for our growth.”

And he had ways of saying these things in terms that young as well as old could understand. He loved children—talked with them, played with them, understood them. His insights often reflected their fresh and honest vision of the world.

Grown-ups have a strange way of putting themselves in compartments and groups [he once wrote]. They build up barriers and then they think that those outside their particular barriers are strangers whom they must dislike. There are barriers of religion, of caste, of colour, of party, of nation, of province, of language, of custom and of wealth and poverty. Thus they live in prisons of their own making. Fortunately, children do not know much about these barriers

which separate. They play or work with one another, and it is only when they grow up that they begin to learn about these barriers from their elders.

He was constantly striving to do away with barriers. Perhaps what he kept continually to hope for—the star he held to until the end—was summed up in the moving statement he made on the eve of Independence:

Long years ago [he declared] we made a tryst with destiny, and now the time comes when we shall redeem our pledge, not wholly or in full measure, but very substantially. At the stroke of the midnight hour, when the world sleeps, India will awake to life and freedom. A moment comes, which comes but rarely in history, when we step out from the old to the new, when an age ends, and when the soul of a nation, long suppressed, finds utterance. It is fitting that at this solemn moment we take the pledge of dedication to the service of India and her people and to the still larger cause of humanity. . . . The future is not one of ease or resting but of incessant striving so that we may fulfill the pledge we have so often taken. . . .

But he was aware of the difficulties :

The distant mountains [he said] seem easy of access and climbing. The top beckons, but as

one approaches, difficulties appear; and the higher one goes the more laborious becomes the journey and the summit recedes into the clouds. Yet the climbing is worth the effort and has its own joy and satisfaction. Perhaps it is the struggle that gives value to life, not so much the ultimate result. Often it is difficult to know which is the right path; it is easier sometimes to know what is not right, and to avoid that is something after all.

Like the late President Kennedy, Prime Minister Nehru was an admirer of the poetry of Robert Frost. One of his habits was to copy in longhand things which pleased him. During his last days he copied Frost's "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening." You will recall its final lines:

*The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep
And miles to go before I sleep.*

Norman Cousins

A PROCESSION OF MEN

HE was not one man but a procession of men. In him you witnessed a national hero, statesman, philosopher, historian, author, educator.

He was also a triumphant assortment of paradoxes. He was a supreme rationalist who presided over a nation with the most pervasive and complex religious makeup in the world.

He was an intellectual product of Western civilisation who was accepted as symbolic leader by many hundreds of millions of Asians and Africans who feared the West.

He was an accomplished logician who lived on intimate terms with the imponderables and intangibles.

He was an avowed optimist who found it

difficult to keep from brooding.

He had sensitivities so finely attuned that he could be jarred by the slightest vibrations, but he was able to make history-jolting decisions.

He believed the highest function of the State was to help develop the individuality of the individual, but no nation in the world contained as many natural obstacles to the emergence of that individuality as the nation he governed for seventeen years.

With such a man, you cannot essay a full evaluation or appreciation. The best you can do is to pursue certain qualities and attributes.

First, the courage of the man. . .

August 1947. With national independence and partition of the subcontinent between India and Pakistan, four hundred and fifty million people became caught up in a vast convulsion. Hindus and Moslems, with a long history of tension between them, became part of a chain reaction of violence and horror. No one knows how many died. But 12,000,000 people became homeless. Rumours of atrocities and actual atrocities interacted to produce a spiralling madness.

For a while, the situation was relatively calm in New Delhi, with its large Moslem population. Then, suddenly, the storm broke. Late one night a Hindu mob, inflamed by stories of Moslem terror to the north-west, swept into Connaught Circus, the main shopping area in New Delhi. The rioters smashed their way into Moslem stores,

destroying and looting and ready to kill.

Even before the police arrived in force, Jawaharlal Nehru was on the scene. He plunged into the crowd in the darkness, trying to bring people to their senses. He spied a Moslem who had just been seized by Hindus. He interposed himself between the man and his attackers.

Suddenly a cry went up: "Jawaharlal is here ! Don't hurt Jawaharlal !"

The cry spread through the crowd. It had a magical effect. People stood still and dropped their arms to their sides. Looted merchandise was dropped. The mob psychology disintegrated. By the time the police arrived people were dispersing. The riot was over.

The next day, friends rushed to Nehru, admonishing him for exposing himself to a mob at the height of its frenzy.

"You could have been killed," one of them said.

"Then what ?"

"That's for you to determine," he replied quietly. "Many others could have been killed last night. Then what ?"

The fact that Nehru had risked his life to save a single Moslem had a profound effect far beyond New Delhi. Many thousands of Moslems who had intended to flee to Pakistan now stayed in India, staking their lives on Nehru's ability to protect them and assure them justice. In years to come, this confidence of India's Moslems in Nehru was to become a major factor in building a nation and holding it together.

Not many weeks after the communal rioting subsided, the Prime Minister and a foreign guest were driving in his private car about fifteen miles south of Delhi. The traffic piled up behind a caravan of camels in a village preponderantly populated by Moslems. Only recently, this village had figured in mass violence.

The combination of the heat, the heavy chalky dust from the dry dirt road, the temper of the camel drivers, and the screams of people in the stalled buses, trucks, wagons, and automobiles provided the combustible materials for a communal riot. Young Moslems from the village suddenly appeared with knives. They surrounded Nehru's car. One of them recognised the Prime Minister and shouted angry words at him.

Nehru stepped out of his car, walked up to the young man, spoke to him quietly. Suddenly, a cheer went up for the Prime Minister. The Moslems surrounded him, expressing their devotion and loyalty. Then some of them began to weep in shame for their actions. Nehru spoke with them, telling them of his hopes.

On the drive back to New Delhi, his guest expressed concern for the Prime Minister's personal safety. Mr. Nehru agreed the risk might be real, but he said he could not let it get in the way of things that had to be done.

NARRATOR: NORMAN COUSINS
The human quality of the man. . .

January 1951. Sunday. The desk clerk at the Imperial Hotel in New Delhi handed us a message.

It was from Miss Sindhi at the Prime Minister's House.

The P.M. was having some people over that afternoon and hoped we could come. Nothing special. Just relaxed talk.

Primed for a long bull session on philosophy and politics, we arrived at the P.M.'s house at about three o'clock. Mr. Nehru was at the door, greeting his guests. He seemed to be in excellent spirits. We were ushered to a large enclosed veranda. We looked around the room and recognised Dr. Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, the eminent philosopher and vice-president of India; also, Shiva Rau, prominent author and long-time friend of the Prime Minister. Among the other guests to whom we were introduced were two cabinet ministers and a justice.

Mr. Nehru came into the room, his young grandson riding his shoulders, kicking grandpa's ribs and demanding more speed.

"The gallop comes later," Mr. Nehru said, hoisting the boy over his head and placing him on the floor. He told the youngster he had a surprise for him. "In fact, I've got a surprise for everyone. This afternoon we shall all have a good time. I've arranged for entertainment."

The entertainer was a magician who went through a bewildering assortment of tricks. He caused long knives to turn into short knives, wine to turn into milk, and he made a chicken emerge from a paper cup. Then he demonstrated his accuracy with a bow and arrow, hitting a vertical

thread at about twenty feet. Finally, he invited a member of the company to step forward. Mr. Nehru, enjoying himself hugely, prodded the Finance Minister into joining the act.

As soon as the Finance Minister discovered he was to be a living prop in a latter-day version of a William Tell episode, he seemed to waver somewhat. Mr. Nehru gently chided him into going on with the act. The Finance Minister was seated in a chair directly above which, six inches from his head, a circular wreath was suspended by several thin threads.

The magician announced that with one arrow he would sever all the threads, causing wreath to fall around the Finance Minister's distinguished shoulders. Almost as an after-thought, he added that he would perform this feat while blindfolded.

Mr. Nehru spoke up.

"They tell me that good finance ministers are hard to find these days," he said. "I don't know whether we ought to allow him to go through with this."

The magician clapped for silence, put on his blindfold, picked up his bow, tested its tautness, and inserted the arrow. Then he paused and, still blindfolded, paced off the steps to his target, groping and stumbling on the way. Finally, he retraced his steps, assumed his battle station, and raised the bow and arrow.

"No, no," Mr. Nehru cried. "You're aiming at the wrong man ! You're aiming at the Justice.

We can't afford to lose *him*. The man you want is about sixty degrees to the left."

Suddenly, the magician let fly. The arrow pierced the strings and the garland fell neatly over the shoulders of the Finance Minister, who, suddenly released from his encounter with non-fiscal suspense, joined in the general laughter.)

After a while, the group exchanged stories. The Prime Minister presided over the ice cream and punch bowl, the youngster at his side tugging at grandpa's pants and asking when he could have a fast horseback ride.

The closest anyone got to serious talk was when Mr. Nehru told of a visit he had had the previous day from an old school chum who was now a wealthy industrialist.

According to the Prime Minister, the industrialist came up to him and complained that things had gone much too far. Taxes were crippling him and something had to be done about it. He said he had to pay a stiff tax on his private house in New Delhi. He also had to pay a tax on his hunting estate. As if this were not enough, he had to pay a tax on a house he kept in Bangalore. But worst of all was the tax he had to pay on his beach home in Juhu.

"Now I ask you, Jawaharlal, how do you expect me to keep up these houses with taxes like this?"

"Have you ever considered giving up a house or two?" Nehru asked.

"Now, what kind of advice is this to give a

life-long friend ?” the man asked.

The group laughed.

“What makes the story so ironic,” Mr. Nehru said, “is that here I am, fighting back legislation to confiscate luxurious property, and this chap wants me to give him a tax refund. I suppose each man has to have his own dream world.”

In this manner the afternoon passed. After the farewell, Dr. Radhakrishnan offered to drive us back to the hotel.

Inside the car, Dr. Radhakrishnan said we had just seen a side of Nehru that very few people knew.

“There is something eternally young, even boyish, about the P.M.,” he said. “People tend to think of him as a man lost in brooding, not even knowing how to laugh. Not so; he loves to laugh, as we have seen. It is very good for the nation that he can laugh. It helps to freshen his spirits. The important thing about Nehru is that he continues to think young. A man like this can never grow old. He will never look old, no matter how old he is. But he must take better care of himself. He works too hard.”

and so was of good use to

As author, poet, historian, philosopher, thinker. . .

He liked to write, felt incomplete when he was unable to assemble his thoughts and commit them to paper. He regarded writing as the most demanding, the most exhausting, but also the most satisfying of the creative arts. Writing enabled him to discipline his mind, to think sequentially, and

creatively. Being able to give life to a concept through words; using language as a vehicle of persuasion or as a voyage of intellectual exploration and discovery—these meant much to him.

At times he could write like the most detached and aseptic historian. At other times he would write with extreme sensitivity and grace. In describing a natural setting, he could be all poet. In his writing, as in his life, he was many men.

For many years, his writing, quite literally, kept him from losing his mind. This was during his various imprisonments as an agitator for Indian freedom. No one knows how many hundreds of thousands or millions of words he wrote while in jail. His autobiography came out of prison. He did a work on history, *The Discovery of India*. There were also, to be sure, the various pamphlets and tracts that made him the intellectual leader of the fight for freedom.

Of all his prison writings, however, perhaps none is more remarkable than the collection of letters to his daughter Indira, later published under the title, *Glimpses of World History*. The letters, running to almost a thousand pages in the book, constituted something of a liberal university education, ranging as it did over the whole of the human historical record—European, Asian, African, American, Australian. It took in not just the development of national and continental civilisation but the creative thrust and splendour of mankind. Nehru's own insights and his appreciation of the human potential are in evidence throughout.

What made the book unique in the history of literature was that his prison was totally bereft of historical materials. He wrote *Glimpses of World History*, with its thousands of facts and events and names, without reference books or notes of any kind. As a demonstration of human intellectual capacity, the book stands by itself.

It is doubtful whether any writer before or since has fused in one person more thoroughly the complex essences of East and West. He was a fascinating amalgam of two cultures; his formal education was English but his traditions were Indian. His intellect was rooted in the Enlightenment but his spirit in the Vedas. Few men of our time have been so avowedly rationalist, yet there were the strongest spiritual connotations in his feelings about India and her people.

I have been attached to the Ganges and Jumna rivers in Allahabad ever since my childhood [he wrote in his will]. And, as I have grown older, this attachment has also grown. I have watched their varying moods as the seasons changed, and have often thought of the history and myth and tradition and song and story that have become attached to them through the long ages and become part of their flowing waters. . . . The Ganges reminds me of the snow-covered peaks and the deep valleys of the Himalayas, which I have loved so much, and of the rich and vast plains below, where my life and work have been cast.

Smiling and dancing in the morning sunlight, and dark and gloomy and full of mystery as evening shadows fall; a narrow, slow, and graceful stream in winter, and a vast roaring thing during monsoon, broad-bosomed almost as the sea, and with something of the sea's power to destroy, the Ganges has been to me a symbol and a memory of the past of India, running into the present, and flowing on to the great ocean of the future.

Intellectually, he could never quite comprehend, and sometimes he had difficulty in coping with, India's numberless castes. He disclaimed any affiliation with or affinity for the religious aspect of Hinduism, yet he presided over a nation that sensed and responded to a profoundly spiritual quality in him. Gandhi was a godhead; he easily fitted into a theology. Not so Nehru, a supreme logician. Yet when Gandhi's mantle passed on, it passed to Nehru. No one questioned its appropriateness.

There might be all the difference in the world between the thought, style, and outlook of the two men, but there was a seamless connection between the two in their devotion to the Indian people and in the response of the Indian people.

I have received so much love and affection from the Indian people [Nehru wrote] that nothing I can do can repay even a small fraction of it. Many have been admired, some have been revered, but the affection of all classes of

the Indian people has come to me in such abundant measure that I have been overwhelmed by it.

The leadership capacities of the man. . .

April 1955. The Asian-African Conference at Bandung. An event of profound importance for most of the world's peoples, symbolising not just their freedom from outside rule but their full membership in the human race. Much of the drama flowed out of the juxtaposed presence of the two men who represented the two largest nations in the world—Jawaharlal Nehru of India and Chou En-lai of Communist China. Both men knew that what was happening in their countries would have a great bearing on the way most of the newly independent nations would be developed. Chou En-lai, speaking in English through an interpreter, was the first of the two to address the meeting. He identified China with the aspirations of Asia and Africa. He said that history was riding with China. This was done more in the form of an announcement than a claim. He invited the Bandung delegates to visit China and see the marked progress made under socialism. His manner was not aggressive but matter-of-fact, austere.

When Nehru spoke some time here, the contrast between the two men couldn't have been more startling. It wasn't only that he spoke without a manuscript or without an interpreter. He had warmth, personal rapport. He became part of each individual, speaking to the best inside him.

He was creating strength, awakening the individual's capacity and his hopes rather than attempting to convert a man to any large impersonal system. He held up no glorious certainties of historical determinism, only the saturating uncertainties of the human situation. But this was in the nature of freedom, which guaranteed nothing except a chance to do better; and freedom was within their reach.

At Bandung, the delegates may have been impressed by Chou En-lai, but they believed Nehru. And even when they did not agree with Nehru, they believed *in* him. This was the way it was with his own people. They might not have comprehended him at times, but they believed in him and knew that good would come out of such a man. Even though they were unable to connect themselves to his intellectuality, they never had trouble in understanding his integrity. And they knew that where he wanted to go was where India had to be.

At Bandung, Chou En-lai was surrounded by bodyguards, Nehru by men who wanted to talk to him—men from new nations who suddenly were obligated to make history and needed the kind of confidence that a Nehru could impart to them. He was Olympian but he was never aloof.

The morning before the last session of the conference at Bandung, Nehru invited us to breakfast with him at his villa in the hills several miles outside the city. We sat on a veranda overlooking a flowering countryside. Nehru had already been

down among the flowers, sniffing with satisfaction. His mood was deeply reflective. He spoke of the future of Asia with special reference to China and India. He said he had given the matter much thought. It was obvious, he said, that what happened inside India would have important effects outside India—not just in Asia but Africa. Here were two giant display cases for millions of people. The Indian display case, with all its complexities and difficulties, showed it was possible to have a progressive society without taking individuality away from the individual. The State should never subordinate the individual; rather, the State itself had the obligation to be infinitely inventive in trying to serve him and ennoble him. India had (then) four hundred million people—most of them poor. They needed jobs and food and medicine and schools and homes. It was precisely the kind of total need that the Chinese Communists said could never be met outside of a totally controlled society. They said what had to be done couldn't come fast enough or deep enough without the machinery available to a total Marxist State.

These were the questions most of the world's peoples had to decide, Nehru said. And he believed that India, despite all difficulties, was making progress and could do even better.

We asked what he considered to be the main strengths and weaknesses in the development of Communist China.

He said, characteristically, that it was not for him to dispense such judgments; this was a task

more appropriately done by history. But he added, also quite characteristically, that he would suppose that any leader of a State might have a certain caution in applying rigidly and literally economic or ideological doctrines that were based on the world as it was a century ago.

Was this a reference to the ideas of Marx and Engels ?

Yes, he replied. There was much that was valid and valuable in Marx. But the world had undergone profound changes since Marx published his theories, and the attempt to pursue these doctrines as though they were natural law was itself retrogressive, in a sense.

Moreover, he added, Marxism provided too narrow a creed for the problems it had to meet. It gave so much emphasis to economic factors that it underestimated the power of all the other concerns of man. Life consisted of much more than economic growth. He was not at all certain, he added, that the Marxist ideas were completely understood by all those who attempted to apply them.

Then his eyes twinkled and he sat back in his chair and told of an incident at the conference involving Chou En-lai to illustrate his point:

"We were assigned to a subcommittee whose job it was to prepare a draft for a short statement for the conference. It was a simple statement that was required, and we were able to agree readily on the general substance. I invited Chou En-lai to write the first draft. He declined, saying he preferred that I do it.

“I did—in English, of course, and then read it to him through his interpreter. He was appreciative but said there were several key words that tended to change the meaning from what he understood the statement was supposed to say.

“Again we discussed the purpose of the statement in general and the troublesome words in particular. We had no difficulty in agreeing on the intended sense of the draft. All that remained now was to translate a few English words into Chinese. The attempt to do this took several hours—and even then, I was not completely satisfied that the translation was precise.

“Do you know what came to my mind when I left that meeting? I said to myself: Good Lord, just imagine what Karl Marx must be like in Chinese!”

He laughed, then said: “I’m perfectly serious, you know.”

There came to my mind a conversation with the P.M. in New Delhi some year earlier. Then, too, we were discussing what Stuart Chase called “the tyranny of words.” In particular, words like ‘inevitability,’ ‘free will’, and ‘determinism’.

Imprecise though these terms were bound to be, I had asked Nehru whether he accepted the idea of implacable historical forces beyond man’s reach.

In matters such as these, he had replied, it was well to avoid absolute judgments.

Even so, I had said, it was perhaps fair to ask how he reacted philosophically to the eternal debate over free will vs. determinism.

"I would still try to avoid absolute judgments", he had replied. "Actually, I think it possible to reconcile the two. Do you play bridge?"

"Very little and very poorly," I had said.

"No matter," he resumed. "Determinism is like the cards that are dealt you. Free will is how you play them. The interaction between the two determines what you are as a person—or even in a nation."

The man as prophet and politician. . .

Jawaharlal Nehru may have been able to reconcile free will and determinism, but he was never able to reconcile the conflict inside himself between prophet and politician.

As prophet, he had profound kinship with Mahatma Gandhi. Whenever you asked him about his innermost beliefs, he was certain to say that the most important conviction of his life—one taught him by Gandhi—was that good ends never justified bad means. Violence, even in a good cause, defeated the good.

"We must not appease evil," he had said in our recorded conversation in 1951, "but we must also remember that evil is not surmounted by wrong methods that themselves produce more evil. I have felt more and more that the basic lesson Gandhi taught was right, that means should not be subordinated to ends.

"I know these ideas cannot easily be translated into life. A political leader cannot function like a prophet. He has to limit himself to people's under-

standing of him; otherwise, he cannot function at all."

"What happens when the moralist becomes politician and is faced with the need to get things done?" we asked.

"I am not a moralist or even a very good politician. I have dabbled in various things because they interest me. The politician has to compromise. That is what makes him a politician. But it may make a difference if he at least begins with certain convictions or principles. Anyway, I think Gandhi was right about ends and means and about violence. I hope to come as close as I can to making this a working philosophy."

Some years later, in a letter, he returned to this theme :

A leader must not only feel what is right [he wrote], but he has also to convince masses of people about it. Thus, he tends to compromise or else he would cease to be the leader. The only example I know in contemporary history of a leader who refused to compromise with what he thought was right is Gandhi—and Gandhi was assassinated in the end, as prophets often are.

Yet even Gandhi, faced with the terrible gravitational pull of events, could acquiesce in compromise, even if he was not an architect of it. Shortly after Independence, armed raiders from the north-west moved into Kashmir. Nehru didn't hesitate. He didn't wait to consult Gandhi.

Once having acted, Nehru told Gandhi he had decided to use force in Kashmir because this was the only course open to him. He was sorry if what he had done had brought pain to Gandhi.

Gandhi put his arm around Nehru's shoulders. He didn't have to say anything.

The battle between politician and prophet inside Nehru never left him. Before he had the responsibility for governing a nation, he could define goals in terms of necessity instead of workability or attainability: he could move toward an objective without having to develop a consensus in order to achieve it; he could advocate rather than legislate. Once in office, he found himself plagued by some of the very tactics that had been so effective in gaining Independence for India. Separatist movements sprang up throughout the country; this or that State would want its own language or cultural or political autonomy. The methods used to advance these objectives, naturally enough, were the same ones that had been used to such good effect against the British. In order to deal with these methods, it was necessary for Nehru to be tougher than his personal makeup would warrant.

We were in India in 1961 when the P.M. was having severe difficulties with Master Tara Singh, the Sikh separatist leader. In quest of his objectives, Singh went on a hunger strike. We asked Nehru how it felt being the target of this device, as contrasted to the time when he himself was an agitator identified with Gandhi, who made personal hunger and suffering into one of the most potent

political weapons in history.

His face clouded over. I could tell it was painful for him to think about it.

"Frankly," he said, "I don't like it. I don't think this is the right way to go about persuading a government."

For the first time in the years we had known him, he seemed to stammer somewhat. Then he realised the irony of the situation. He smiled.

"I think I told you that a politician has to act in a certain way," he said. "What else is there to be done? I can't give in to the man and allow India to become a mass of splinters."

"Do you feel the hunger strike is—well, hitting below the belt?"

"In a sense, yes."

"How did you feel about it when Gandhi used it?"

"To tell the truth, I didn't feel quite right about it even then. If I analyse my feelings, I felt rather awkward about it. But you don't have to try very hard if you want to catch me in an inconsistency. This is the occupational disease of any philosopher who finds himself in the position of an operating leader."

It was at that 1961 meeting that I discerned for the first time the visible evidence in Nehru of physical deterioration. One side of the face seemed rigid, as though he had suffered a stroke. His posture was no longer as erect as it had once been. The fatigue came through in his voice. For more than a half-century he had made India his life and

work. Thinking he might be looking forward to a time when he might lay down his burden and return to his writing and thinking, we asked what he would do if it became possible for him to be freed of his government responsibilities.

“You mean, what would I do if I retired?”

“Yes.”

We had thought his face would light up at the prospect. Just the opposite. He looked as though nothing would be more unwelcome,

“Well, I suppose there are some things I might do,” he said without any particular enthusiasm in his voice. “I like to walk. I would probably walk quite a bit, in the mountains. I might want to read a bit. But I really haven’t thought much about it.”

More than ever, we realised that Nehru loved his job and had no thought of leaving it; he loved everything about it, the contradictions, the inner struggle, the endless pressures and counterpressures, the physical strain and the anguish and the multiple problems and complexities and the insolubles. Most of all, he loved the direct connection he had with the people of India and the destiny of his nation.

Before leaving him, we had one more question to ask—even though we knew he was annoyed whenever it came up. But everyone was asking the question all through India, and, indeed, throughout the world: After Nehru, who? In talking to newspaper editors and members of the Government, we had encountered considerable feeling, some of

it bitter, because Nehru had not selected a successor. One editor said he couldn't understand why Nehru couldn't anticipate the chaos and disintegration that would afflict India upon his death in the absence of a designated successor. A prominent member of the Congress Party told us that the battle for his successor might go on for months. He said Nehru was neglecting his responsibility.

We put the question to the Prime Minister. But we approached the subject somewhat gingerly.

"People say that the greatest part of Gandhi's legacy to India was you," we said. "Now, who is your legacy to India?"

He didn't hesitate a moment.

"Four hundred million people who are capable of selecting a leader for themselves. I am not going to do it for them. It would be insolent of me to do it."

"But suppose they don't have that capacity?"

"They do. Anyway, it is rather depressing to me to believe that everything we have tried to do about preparing people to rule themselves has failed. I don't believe we have failed, at least not in that respect."

"They say—even some of your friends say—that if you fail to designate a successor, the attempt to choose one would tear the country to pieces. They say that all your good work could be undone if you don't train a man to take your place."

"I think we will do all right. I think the country will do quite all right."

At that time, it is possible that he was the only man in India who held that view. Today, the Indian people know how right he was. They have been able to select a successor, a good man and a wise man—Lal Bahadur Shastri—without upheaval or disintegration. And they have gained in strength because of it. They have vindicated Nehru's confidence in them. They have also justified his highest aspirations. Nehru's death, in a real sense, marks the coming of age of a free and mature India. His legacy is what he wished it to be.

Ilya Ehrenburg

A GREAT HUMANIST

THINKING about my past life I remember with gratitude some great men who helped me to understand many things. Some of them I met in my youth, others when I was at a mature age; there were even some unexpected pleasures in my later life.

When I saw Einstein he was sixty-seven years old. Shortly after this Matisse asked me to sit for him. He worked in a recumbent position; he was seventy-six. In January 1956 I spent an evening at Jawaharlal Nehru's house; he was then sixty-seven. A scientist, an artist and a politician—one would have thought these people and these conversations could have nothing in common with one another. But it is not by accident that I have recalled these

three meetings: we spoke about different things and at the same time about one thing—about the complications of life, misfortune, human dignity—and after each of these meetings I realised that our path through life is illuminated by the intelligence and conscience of the “thinking reed.”

I have called Jawaharlal Nehru a politician, and I cannot do otherwise—he fought all his life for his people’s liberation, he was in prison for many years, and for many years he led the young, though ancient, India. By temperament, however, Nehru was anything but a politician—he had neither the fanaticism nor the coldness of the experienced strategist, nor the passion of the power-hungry. If I had met him by chance at some airport, I would have thought that in all likelihood this man was a poet. During his life of course most of the people he met were politicians—that was his profession—but he clearly recalled his conversations with Romain Rolland, Rabindranath Tagore, Einstein and the young German poet Ernst Toller. Historians, sociologists and diplomats have written and will write about the part Jawaharlal Nehru played. I should like to tell you about the image which remains in my memory—that of a great humanist of our age.

Nehru often said that he was born in the nineteenth century and was brought up on the basis of its values. Yet conservatism was alien to him and he saw the falsehood of liberalism. All of his life he spoke with great respect of Lenin, the October Revolution and the Soviet people. When

they wish to praise someone, people often say he is "monolithic." But a man is not like a rock. Jawaharlal Nehru was a miraculous alloy of ages, cultures and ideologies.

By education Jawaharlal Nehru was one of the most enlightened persons in the world, and his acquaintance with the West is well known. However, he was not one of those products of Cambridge or Oxford who, in their desire to revitalise India, not only speak but quite often think in English. For him Shakespeare did not overshadow Kalidasa, and he conversed with a Punjabi peasant as naturally as with a Cambridge professor. Racial and national arrogance in anyone sickened him. He passionately loved India and ridiculed the Indian retrogrades for whom India's technical backwardness was a virtue and not a misfortune. He did not admire American luxury and refused to make a religion of statistics. He knew that a man with knowledge but without consciousness is like a robot.

To express my thought more exactly, I must refer to some specific field. I will take the one I know a little about—painting. In India one can find artists who blindly imitate the contemporary painting of the West, and others who try to paint in the manner of the ancient Indian masters, but in each case they are epigonic. However, when we look at the canvases of Amrita Sher-Gill, who died at the age of twenty-eight, we see a wonderful fusion; they bring to mind both the frescoes of Ajanta done fifteen centuries ago and Cezanne's

paintings. Jawaharlal Nehru succeeded in giving India some features of European culture without abandoning the wealth of national traditions.

One can speak about a politician's successes and failures, but I would like to say that moral principles and conscience permeate the whole life of Nehru. In 1938 he went to Europe. He spent five days in the doomed city of Barcelona. The city was bombed and here are the words written by Nehru: "... there, in the midst of want and destruction and ever-impending disaster, I felt more at peace with myself than anywhere else in Europe. There was light there, the light of courage and determination and of doing something worthwhile."

He contrasted the courage of republican Spain with "Munich" policy of the West: "... the difficult and intricate game of how to betray your friend and the cause you are supposed to stand for on the highest moral grounds."

In prison he wrote about the dissemination of fascist tendencies in India, especially among the youth of the ruling class, and it may be said that Nehru's moral principles were a potent factor in ensuring that the young Republic did not become intoxicated with nationalistic ideas and adopt fascist or semi-fascist measures.

When we were talking about the defence of peace and the horrors of atomic war, Nehru spoke of Ashoka, an ancient Indian emperor, who after gaining victory over the enemy, confessed to the people that he was conscience-stricken and solemnly

promised never to resort to arms again. A year later, in 1957, when receiving officers of the World Peace Council, Nehru said that men must advance toward peace along the path of peace. For the "Munich men," peace was a blessing which they bought at any price, encouraging future aggressors. Nehru, however, knew that noble aims cannot be achieved by unnoble means. He was a humanist, and in the age of atomic bombs he knew that society cannot exist without moral principles.

I have spoken about my attitude to Nehru. I should like to add that my compatriots reciprocated Nehru's affection. I remember his arrival in Moscow in 1955 and the flowers which the Muscovites threw onto his car; they were a small personal greeting from everyone. I also remember the evening when we learned of the death of this handsome and kind man—grief could be felt in the words of the ordinary people little concerned with complex international politics. We knew that it was not India alone that had suffered a great loss: Jawaharlal Nehru's death had left a void not only in the apparatus of the State but in the consciousness of the age.

James T. Farrell

A VIVID PERSONALITY

ON May 27, 1964, Jawaharlal Nehru ceased to live—*Nehru n'est plus*. I sent a message to India which emphasised, "We owe his memory to the future."

He was a great man. The world needs great men. For great men live an example of the dignity of man. They live a short life, long. They are part of the consciousness of the world. They live in history. To violate history would be to violate the future.

He was the leader of his country, the Prime Minister of India. It is very likely that India will grow in the future as a nation most vital in the unfinished destiny of man. And the name of Jawaharlal Nehru is likely, and most probably,

going to be inseparable from the history of India.

Much, very much, more can be said about Nehru. It has been or it shall be said. However, one must be on guard against borrowed emotions.

When a great man dies, a hole is cut into the future. A great man possesses what seems like an instinct for the future. The continuity of mankind stretches into the future, and what continuity must be retained if there is to be a life with values—a world which lives out what Alfred North Whitehead called “The Adventure of Ideas.” The great man, the great woman, is the potential of the future, the inspiration of the future.

There have been Americans who touched India and influenced one or two of the great men of India. Walt Whitman, Henry Thoreau and John Dewey are the most notable of these. Nehru, on John Dewey’s ninetieth birthday, called Dewey “teacher.” This is a word of great respect. The Brahman caste in India were teachers and wise men, and the word *pandit* embodies the meaning of teaching.

India is a civilisation. America is a continuation of a civilisation. America is the advance guard of the West. She is the possessor of wealth and power. She is a favoured child of history, as India and Ireland have been unfavoured children of history.

There are two opposed pragmatisms represented in this difference. A pragmatism that is materialism of the moment widely prevails in America; a pragmatism of the spirit prevails in India.

Pragmatism, the philosophical school which concerned itself with process, meaning and consequences, is probably closer to India to the pragmatism of profit and pretence which is the pragmatism of many in America today.

But ideas, conceptions and contrasts are a subject of far-reaching scope. Here, I only wish to refer to them sufficiently to frame what I have to say in commemoration of Jawaharlal Nehru.

Nehru was one of the three great Indians who carried India across the waters and the winds of the world. Gandhi, the political leader of the spirit. Tagore, playwright, poet and educator. And Nehru. Nehru? How to describe that vivid life? We might say that he was the moderniser of India. . .the man who carried the consequence of Gandhi's work and of Tagore's work into the realm of practice. He was the man who carried the spirit and life of India from Indian history into world history.

The ashes of Jawaharlal Nehru have been strewn over India and dropped into rivers running into the sea. There is a simple poetry in this fact. In life, Nehru merged himself with the life of India and he and the country moved toward freedom together. And yet there was something that set him apart. He could have been as lonely as his ashes scattered over parts of a subcontinent.

The India in which he could be at home, utterly unalienated, was an India which he knew he would never see. This is the essence of the moral character of Jawaharlal Nehru's life. He recognised the limitations of what he could accomplish, and he

thought about this with a most casual clarity—a casual clarity that distinguished his thinking. He was a man who had ideas and who could understand ideas. He was a man capable of learning right up to the hour of his death. He thought calmly and with fluent ease. He was not a man who became excited easily. This was evident in his writings, in some of his speeches, and in conversations with him.

Although he was educated at Harrow and Cambridge and read law in London, Jawaharlal Nehru often read and thought more like a man of the French Enlightenment.

This suggests an impression that has grown upon me with steady emphasis since he died. Although educated in England, he was far less formed and influenced intellectually by English thought than has been and is still generally assumed. His manners, his beautiful speech, his style in his speeches, his writings, and his moral seriousness—these bear a relationship to his education in England. But the content of his thought, his logic, the fluency of his quickly and easily moving succession of ideas and impressions—these are not traceable to his English education.

Jawaharlal Nehru was a man with a near volatile temperament. He was more unpredictable than many men of his intelligence. There was an aesthetic perfection to his logic. His mind was an active organ, as are one's hands and feet. Yet he was temperamental in a fairly provincial degree. Some perceived this more than his intelligence.

I don't find this a contradiction in Nehru's character. He was a superior man, a man whose mind was liberated and was far less blocked in the functioning of his sensibility. There was a greater fullness of play on his sensibilities so that he was acutely sensitive at times. He felt much and many kinds of things. It is important to stress that he felt situations. Sometimes temperamentalism in such a man is an impatience, anger against the incurable stupidity of the world—stupidness which has been greatly felt.

As much as he was an intelligent man able to make experience subsumable to his own ordering comprehension, he also was a sensitive man. A fine writer, Nehru was not a poet; but he felt like a poet, and at times, when in jail, he thought poetically. There are many touches about the beauty of nature, the Indian countryside, in his writings.

Nehru was a historical man. We can say that he was a politician in the sense that he had more cultivation, knowledge, experience of varied character—that he was a man with many facets to his personality.

But Nehru was a political man, and we cannot treat him as though he were not. He was a very good writer, rarely a great one. He knew much, but he was not a scholar. The central content of his life was politics. His world stature came and grew through politics. He was above politics in mentality, clarity of mind, and objectivity. He chose politics; he was a man of politics, but he was not a sheer partisan thinker.

Politics in a national movement struggling for national freedom; politics in a national and socialist liberating movement—these are different from politics in, say, the United States or Great Britain. It is not the same to struggle for office and to fight for the liberation of mankind. Nehru spent many years in jail—more than some of his American critics have spent out of office.

However, when conditions are created so that men do not have to risk the loss of their liberty through imprisonment, and to risk their lives, it is good—not bad. In other words, there is no reason to wish for injustice and foreign imposition of authority so that these might be fought. There are many differences which must be recognised and established, but it does not follow that there is a necessary moral judgment intended. The differences do not focus on courage as a primary factor. There are courageous men in all countries.

It is a question of problem and activity. The best political educations are usually gained through struggles that involve change. The struggle for freedom and liberty involves almost every phase of life. Usually men involved with such a struggle encounter more phases of human activity and endeavour than the political man in a settled or relatively settled parliamentary system in an industrially advanced country. However, this can be simplified: there is more to be done.

Then, too, there are psychological factors of difference. A nationalist or a socialist revolutionary is fighting power, and he is fighting for power.

The memory of a great man is precious to mankind. Great men live on in others. They live as hope, as inspiration, as example, as symbols of the worth that we must attach to life. They become living myths. Thus was Jawaharlal Nehru.

Alfred Rosmer admired Nehru. One winter afternoon toward the end of the last World War, Rosmer came to see me in my apartment in New York. He noticed a copy of *Toward Freedom* on one of my book shelves. He picked out the book and looked at it for a few minutes.

"You know, he's a fine type of man," Rosmer remarked.

It was Raja Rao who had brought Nehru and Rosmer together. Nehru was in Paris on one of his European trips and he had met various men of the Left. He had not been too impressed by some of them.

After his talk with Rosmer, he said to Raja Rao: "That's a man!"

America did not easily understand a man such as Jawaharlal Nehru. He was not, however, the first great man to be misunderstood by Americans. They did not understand Leon Trotsky either.

Nehru was a responsive man to children. On one of his visits to America, a reception was planned for him by his publisher, The John Day Company. Pearl Buck called to invite my wife and me. I said that we both could not come; my son was nine years old and we made it a rule not to leave him alone in the apartment. One of us would have to

stay home with him.

"Bring him too," she said.

Nehru's response to Kevin was unobtrusively warm. There was an almost unnoticeable air of deference in his meeting with the boy. It was also an illustration of exquisite good manners.

That vivid personality, that vivid life of Jawaharlal Nehru belongs to the memory of mankind. His death suggests a kind of grandeur and of tragedy in history. Great men work and give of themselves for results and victories which they will never know and enjoy.

Jawaharlal Nehru was a man with many capacities. He was a man with mind, with sensibility and with courage and honesty. Great men are incomparable. They are incomparable in all that goes into the constituting of their greatness. It is more illuminating to measure them by their tasks than against or in contrast to other men.

NEHRU *Yes, we mourn for the
 dead
 But we do not mourn
 for greatness
Gone to ashes.
The wounds of destroyed,
 ended greatness
Are too deep,
And the hurt to
 pride and dignity
 Would crumble us,
Did we merely mourn.*

Martin Luther King, Jr.

A GREAT MEDIATOR

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU was a man of three extraordinary epochs. He was a leader in the long anticolonial struggle to free his own land and to inspire a fighting will in other lands under bondage.

He lived to see victory and to move then to another epochal confrontation—the fight for peace after World War II. In this climactic struggle he did not have Gandhi at his side, but he did have the Indian people, now free in their own great Republic.

It would be hard to overstate Nehru's and India's contributions in this period. It was a time fraught with the constant threat of a devastating finality for mankind. There was no moment in

this period free from the peril of atomic war. In these years Nehru was a towering world force skilfully inserting the peace will of India between the ranging antagonisms of the great powers of East and West.

The world needed a mediator and an "honest broker" lest, in its sudden acquisition of overwhelming destructive force, one side or the other might plunge the world into mankind's last war. Nehru had the prestige, the wisdom, and the daring to play the role.

The markedly relaxed tensions of today are Nehru's legacy to us, and at the same time they are our monument to him.

It should not be forgotten that the treaty to end nuclear testing accomplished in 1963 was first proposed by Nehru. Let us also remember that the world dissolution of colonialism now speedily unfolding had its essential origins in India's massive victory. And let it also be remembered that Nehru guided into being the 'Asian-African Bloc' as a united voice for the billions who were grouping toward a modern world. He was the architect of the policy of nonalignment or neutralism which was calculated to give independent expression to the emerging nations while enabling them to play a constructive role in world affairs.

The third epoch of Nehru's work is unfolding after his death. Even though his physical presence is gone, his spiritual influence retains a living force. The great powers are not yet in harmonious relationship to each other, but with the help of

the nonaligned world they have learned to exercise a wise restraint. In this is the basis for a lasting *detente*. Beyond this, Nehru's example in daring to believe and act for peaceful co-existence gives mankind its most glowing hope.

In this period my people, the Negroes of the United States, have made strides toward freedom beyond all precedent in our history. Our successes directly derive from our employment of the tactics of nonviolent direct action and noncooperation with evil which Nehru effectively employed under Gandhi's inspiration.

The peculiar genius of imperialism was found in its capacity to delude so much of the world into the belief that it was civilising primitive cultures even though it was grossly exploiting them.

Satyagraha made the myth transparent as it revealed the oppressed to be the truly civilised party. They rejected violence but maintained resistance, while the oppressor knew nothing but the use of violence.

My people found that Satyagraha, applied in the United States to our oppressors, also clarified who was right and who was wrong. On this foundation of truth as irresistible, a majority could be organised for just solutions.

In all of these struggles of mankind to rise to a true state of civilisation, the towering figure of Nehru sits unseen but felt at all council tables. He is missed by the world, and because he is so wanted, he is a living force in the tremulous world of today.

K. Natwar-Singh

HOMAGE FROM AN UNKNOWN

WHEN Jawaharlal Nehru became Prime Minister of India on August 15, 1947, I was in my mid-teens. Thus my testimony is useful perhaps in terms of my own generation.

My generation—the interwar—was totally captivated by the person of Jawaharlal Nehru. Even more than Mahatma Gandhi, he influenced and altered our lives. He was our mentor and hero. In him our dreams and destiny coincided, and “he drew these tides of men into his hands and wrote his will across the sky in stars.”

The vision of India that I and millions like me have is his gift. The idealism that we possess is of his doing. That India and her people continue to receive the world’s attention and affection in such

large measure is a tribute to his life and work.

He rid us of fear, superstition and cant. He taught us to be modern without ceasing to respect our ancient past. He gave us at once pride and humility. By his example and disarming candour he raised the level and quality of national and international dialogue and proved to us that private decencies can be transmitted to public affairs. A politician, he never cared to tidy his past. There was nothing to tidy up. He was his own most intelligent and unsparing critic. His character was complex and there were contradictory elements in it but this is not the time or the place to analyse his character or catalogue his mistakes.

He had courage, wisdom, learning, compassion, charity, simplicity, style, grace, a deep sense of loyalty, wit, goodness and tolerance. He loved poetry, books, birds, mountains and nature. He loved challenges. He loved children. He was exquisitely sensitive. His interest in literature was very deep. He read widely, particularly when he was in prison. He cared for the arts and was happy in the company of writers and creative people. He could be impulsive. He also had great restraint. He was beautiful and he was the most civilised of us all. Rightly did we give our hearts to him. That we did not always follow him is his tragedy and our indignity.

I was never intimate with him personally. There are thousands who were closer to him, many more who knew him before I was born. But I did have the great privilege of being in his *presence* many many times. I have stood in pouring rain and ankle-

deep mud—one of half a million—to listen to his Red Fort speeches. I have also been alone with him—the last time in a Manhattan hotel. At least on one occasion I caused him some annoyance. But each time, regardless, I felt that my own young life had been enriched, enlarged and uplifted. He did that to people who came into contact with him. His books have the same effect.

Mankind will pause before his unique achievement. After him there are certain things which simply cannot be done, and his life remains his best testimonial. I end this memoir by recalling two incidents which I treasure and which show what a truly gracious and great man he was.

(It was the lunch hour on a hot summer day in 1961, and as if by magical coincidence, Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru and I met in the corridor of the Ministry of External Affairs. I greeted him with folded hands with a book between my two palms. He stopped, returned my greetings, and asked me what the book was. I handed it over to him. It was Amaury de Riencourt's *The Soul of China*.

Mr. Nehru said, "I have read his *Soul of India*."

"So have I, sir."

The Prime Minister took a few steps towards the majestic staircase of the Foreign Office and remarked, 'Rather Spenglerian, I thought.'

I gave a nervous smile, and having never read Spengler, did not say anything.

He then walked on and as he was walking down the steps he looked around and said with a

twinkle in his eyes, "Nehru Imperator, hm!"

This was Jawaharlal Nehru at his spontaneous best. The great man was sharing a little joke with me, as I had read *The Soul of India*, which carries a chapter entitled 'Nehru Imperator.' 2

"Since Mr. Nehru was in such a pleasant mood, I dared to catch up with him and ask him whether he had seen a book on him by Mr. X. He said he had, but did not care very much for it. I was glad the book existed, for after all "it was a labour of love." ~~2~~

"Talking of a labour of love", he said, "reminds me that Dorothy Norman has been working on a book on me for several years. She has a huge amount of material and has almost everything that I have ever written or spoken."

I asked if the book was likely to be published in the near future.

Mr. Nehru said, "I don't know how far she has got with it."

I vaguely remember mumbling to myself that she had obviously a long way to go as it was difficult to keep up with the Prime Minister's speechmaking. I don't think he heard, although he did give me an enquiring but entirely lovable look and stepped into his car.

Mr. Nehru last visited New York in November 1961. He had just celebrated his seventy-second birthday, but his schedule would have and did exhaust those twenty years younger. Still he found time to see the musical *Camelot*. After the show he

went backstage and Mr. Richard Burton introduced him to the other members of the cast. They all enjoyed meeting him and he them. When he got back to the hotel, it was past midnight. He asked me to call his secretary. I called but there was no response from his room. The Prime Minister had every reason to be annoyed, and I expected an explosion but none occurred.

Instead he said, "Don't bother. The poor man must be tired and has probably gone to bed."

"Could I do anything?" I asked.

He smiled, put his hand on my shoulder, and speaking softly said, "Young man, you too have had a long day, so run along and get some sleep. I will go up and look after myself, but tell them to have my breakfast ready at eight in the morning." }

Thus ended an evening full of splendour yet free of formality. I left deeply moved, and still wonder if only we all could be so considerate, wouldn't life be a little less gray!

The news of his death was so unexpected. A week earlier he had told a Press conference in Delhi: "My life is not coming to an end so soon."

I was overwhelmed with grief and unashamedly I wept. The world suddenly lost some of its glow and much of its sanity. He is not there anymore but his noble and fragrant memory endures a feel that his concern for us, in so many ways, follows us beyond the funeral pyre.

Linus Pauling

HARBINGER OF A MORAL POLICY

A GREAT contribution to world peace was made by Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri when he announced, in November 1964, that India would not respond to the nuclear explosion that had been carried out by the Chinese People's Republic by adopting a policy of obtaining or making her own nuclear weapons, but would instead continue with her peaceful methods and would strive to eliminate the menace of nuclear bombs from the world.

This policy, based upon the highest ethical principles, represents the continuation of the moral policy of the late Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru, which was in the spirit of Mahatma Gandhi. Jawaharlal Nehru had described war as

the negation of truth and humanity, based upon the deliberate and persistent propagation of hatred and falsehood, and he said that he had no doubt that world government would come, bringing peace and progress to mankind.

The action of the Chinese People's Republic in embarking upon the programme of manufacturing a stockpile of nuclear weapons, as indicated by the nuclear explosion in October 1964, has changed the world in such a way as to lead to an increased danger of nuclear war and world destruction. In May 1961, the sixty scientists and other scholars from fifteen countries who participated in the Conference against the Spread of Nuclear Weapons, in Oslo, stated that the acquisition of nuclear weapons by additional nations would constitute a grave risk to the world, for the following reasons:

1. Each addition to the number of nations armed with nuclear weapons drives its neighbours toward acquiring similar arms.

2. As nuclear weapons pass into more hands, the chance increases that a major war will be started by some human error or technical accident.

3. The spread to more nations increases the chance of deliberate initiation of nuclear war.

4. Increase in the number of nuclear powers would further increase the difficulty of achieving disarmament.

5. After it obtains nuclear weapons, a nation becomes a more likely target in any nuclear war.

The participants in the Oslo Conference also pointed out that preventing the spread of nuclear weapons is an essential part of the struggle to end war. For more than a decade, scientists have been in agreement that the development of nuclear weapons has made it possible for man to destroy civilisation. There is no adequate defence against nuclear weapons that could not be overcome by increasing the scale of the attack. There is no way of arranging international agreements to limit war between the great powers to the use of conventional weapons or of "small" nuclear bombs. Over and over again the leaders of nations, scientists, students of international relations, and other informed people have said that the stockpiles of nuclear weapons must not be used and that the only future for the world is one in which war between nations is abandoned and disputes are resolved by recourse to law.

Yet despite the general recognition of the increased danger to the world that would result from the spread of nuclear weapons, little action has been taken to prevent this deterioration in the world situation. One significant step was taken in 1960, that of making Antarctica a nuclear-free zone. Proposals that the whole of Latin America and the whole of Africa be made into zones free of nuclear weapons have not, however, been adopted, nor has the extension of the principle of demilitarisation to central Europe—as proposed by Rapacki, Kennan, and others several years ago—been subjected to

serious discussion. Moreover, although it has been evident to the whole world that the refusal to accept into the world community of nations the most populous nation in the world, the Chinese People's Republic, would inevitably lead to the development of a Chinese stockpile of nuclear weapons, no effective action was taken to avert this dangerous change in the world situation.

I do not believe that the existing great nuclear powers will carry out any major stages in the process of disarmament unless the Chinese People's Republic is a signatory to the disarmament agreements; the Chinese People's Republic cannot be expected to participate in the discussion of major international treaties until she is accepted into the community of nations under conditions worthy of her stature.

It is essential for the preservation of humanity that the Chinese People's Republic be brought into the United Nations and given the seat on the Security Council that she deserves to have, as one of the greatest nations in the world.

India has made a valuable contribution to the world by resisting the pressure to achieve nuclear weapons. Her example and her influence may be determinative in causing other nations, such as Australia, also to resist this pressure.

Moreover, India, as a great nation whose leaders have expressed their dedication to ethical principles and world co-operation and their rejection of selfish ideologies, could take the lead in a vigorous effort to bring the Chinese People's Republic into

the United Nations under such conditions that the development of a great Chinese stockpile of nuclear weapons would be given up.

I believe that this goal can be achieved if the nations of the world will accept the principle that all disputes between nations and peoples should be settled by arbitration and that war should be abolished from the world.

The replacement of war by world law must include not only great wars but also small ones. Small wars are dangerous, because a small war may grow into a great one that would be a world catastrophe. Moreover, small wars are often characterised by extreme savagery and a great amount of human suffering, so that their abolition would be a boon to humanity.

During recent years the great powers have followed a policy that can only be described as constituting an extreme of immorality. This policy is that of instigating and aggravating insurrections and civil wars in small countries, and increasing the savagery of the wars and the suffering of the people by providing weapons and military advisers. I believe that these actions of the great powers are associated with policies of militarism and national economic interest that are now antiquated, and that they should be replaced by policies compatible with the principles of morality, justice, and world brotherhood. The wars in Vietnam and the Congo are examples; instead of aggravating these terrible wars, the nations of the world should be co-operating in the effort of stopp-

ing them and of finding an effective and acceptable method of settling the disputes in a just and moral way. I believe that the pressure of world opinion could in the course of time force the great nations to abandon the immoral policies that they have been following, with respect to the aggravation of wars such as those in Vietnam and the Congo, and that India could take the leading part in this effort. I believe that this action by India would represent the continued application of the ethical principles of Jawaharlal Nehru and Mahatma Gandhi.

I am confident that we can achieve the goal of the abolition of war and its replacement by world law, and that the world community will thereby be freed not only from the suffering caused by war but also, through the better use of the resources of nature, of the discoveries of scientists, and of the efforts of mankind, to a large extent from the suffering caused by hunger and disease. I believe that, with war abolished from the world, there will be improvement in the social, political, and economic systems in all nations to the benefit of the whole of humanity, and that we shall in the course of time be enabled to build a world characterised by justice for all human beings, and a culture worthy of man's intelligence.

Dr. S. Radhakrishnan

THE GREAT EMANCIPATOR

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU was one of the greatest figures of our generation, an outstanding statesman whose services to the cause of human freedom are unforgettable. As a fighter for freedom he was illustrious, as a maker of modern India his services were unparalleled. His life and work have had a profound influence on our mental makeup, social structure and intellectual development. It will be difficult to reconcile ourselves to the image of India without Nehru's active and all-pervasive leadership. An epoch in our country's history has come to a close.

As a man Nehru combined a fine sensitivity of mind, a rare delicacy of feeling, with large and generous impulses. To the weak and the frustrated

his heart went out in profound sympathy. He was an author of distinction. His *Autobiography*, which tells the story of his life and struggle without a touch of self-pity or moral superiority, is one of the most remarkable books of our time.

Nehru held the office of the Prime Minister of our country ever since the dawn of Independence; and in the long years of his premiership tried to put our country on a progressive, scientific, dynamic and noncommunal basis. His steadfast loyalty to certain fundamental principles of liberalism gave direction to our thought and life. We can understand the endless surprises of his attitude and actions; all these fall into place if we remember his faith in democracy and freedom. He used the existing social and political institutions and breathed into them a new spirit, a new vitality.

Nehru by his series of public utterances educated our people to an appreciation of the values he had cherished. He fought for a high level of human life and burnt his ideals into the understanding of the common people. By his own powerful and vibrant voice, which we will not hear anymore, he created, moulded, inspired and kindled a whole generation of Indians to a loyalty to the first principles which he held so dear. It is not enough to have great ideals; we have to work for their achievement. Time is the essence of the situation, and Nehru had a great regard for the sanctity of time. The pitiless exactions of time take no denial, and so the great leader has fallen.

Though nurtured in a life of sheltered ease and

comfort, he drew himself into the national struggle and became a great leader second only to Gandhi. The part that he played in the national struggle and in the final settlement of the Indian question in 1947 are part of recent Indian history.

Nehru realised, even before the advent of freedom, that our economic regeneration, our progressive modern lives, cannot be achieved unless there is concerted planning. After the transfer of power, as the Chairman of the Planning Commission, it was he who gave dynamism and power to the various plans which are now being implemented.

The path of Nehru as a nation builder in the early years of India's freedom was beset with fantastic difficulties and formidable challenges. The partition of the country—resulting in the exodus of millions of people from one part of the sub-continent to the other amidst scenes of appalling riots, looting and arson—brought in its wake problems, political and economic, which defied easy solution. We have outbreaks of communal violence here and there in our country even now. This must have seemed to Nehru a terrific disillusionment of his great work, inherited from Gandhi and developed by himself.

Nehru always had a conviction that India cannot be viewed in isolation from other States of the world. Even before the advent of freedom, he was pleading that the Indian question was a part of the large movement of the oppressed people fighting against colonialism. He had a love of liberty, not merely for his own people, but for all people of

the world. He therefore expressed sympathy and support for all liberation movements in Africa, Asia and South America. He believed in the liberty of all without distinction of class, creed or country.

Nehru was a great believer in world peace and the concept of one world community. No one had shown greater faith and allegiance to the Charter of the United Nations than Nehru. He realised that in a thermonuclear age, war would mean the extinction of all civilised values. That is why he was convinced that the true role of a statesman in this distracted world lay in the way of lessening tensions and conflicts and bringing about a climate of understanding and mutual accommodation, with a view to settlement of international differences without resort to the horrors of war. On several international questions such as Korea, Laos, the Congo and Vietnam, his was the voice of peace and friendship, and his voice was always heard with respect.

His courage, wisdom and personality have held this country together. It is these qualities which should be cherished if we are to hold on. Our thoughts today go out to him as a great emancipator of the human race, one who gave all his life and energy to the freeing of men's minds from political bondage, economic slavery, social oppression and cultural stagnation.

Raja Rao

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF BUDDHA

IT was so long ago. I was very young then. I used to dream of Bodhisattvas. Living in a Northern French town endowed with fog, greed, and ruins (and chapped human faces and a Boched cathedral), I used to go up every afternoon, come rain, come hailstorm (for so rarely was the sun seen), and rush up the only hill there, nobly called La Montagne de Paris (the Paris mountain), that rose three hundred feet or so above the flat, brown, beetroot earth (with its long alley of tall, ashen plane trees, the trucked-in hamlet, the workless horse, the barking dog), and once on the top and beside the only tree up there that the war had not destroyed (as all this was a battlefield for four long years, the French on this ridge and the Germans

across the river on the other, and shells and gas masks strewed the forests and clearings, as cemeteries with black wooden crosses for the Germans and white marble ones for the French and the Allies covered the hillsides)—going back and forth on that ridge, and touching my vestal tree with prayer, with anguish, I would await the sun. The sun rarely came (about four or five times the whole winter), but sometimes a vague hemisphere brightened amidst the clouds and there was such happiness.

*Kridan to rasma abhuvah sam bhasmana vayuna
vevidanah*

O Ray, mayst thou be with us and play with us
Unifying thy knowledge with the shining of the
breath of life.*

I used in those days to read a great many books on Buddhism. Little by little the face of the sun transfigured the descent of the Bodhisattva, and when Jawaharlal was announced in Europe, I knew *he* was there. How could anyone, except an Indian, know the secret historicity of his presence? Lord, how great be thy gifts to Hitlerite, Stalinistic, suffering mankind. The broken chapels and abbeys (with gashed saints and the sky showing under miracle-held architraves) seemed to acknowledge this subsumed light. Their members purpled into

*Rig Veda, *Mandala* 5.19.5, translated by Sri Aurobindo.

remembered significance, and then the clouds gathered again.

In such a state of mind (or being) I went to visit Jawaharlal Nehru. He was in the Black Forest in Germany, at some pension (imagine the Bodhisattva at a pension !)—his wife was dangerously ill, and the British Government had freed him. A pilgrimage to the Black Forest then had all the wonder-someness of a Hsuan Tsang visiting Kapilavastu:

To the south of the city [of Kapilavastu] is a grove of nyagrodha trees in which is a stupa built by Asoka-rajā. This is a place where Sakya Tathagata, having returned to his country after enlightenment, met his father and preached the law. . . . Suddhodana-rajā ordered his subjects to prepare the way by watering and sweeping it, and to adorn the road with incense and flowers; and then, accompanied by his officers of State, he proceeded 40 li beyond the city, and there drew up the chariot to await his arrival. Then the Tathagata with a great multitude advanced; the eight vajrapanis surrounded him as an escort, the four heavenly kings went before him. . . The bhikkhu priests in order walked behind; Buddha by himself, as the full moon among the stars, stood in the midst: his supreme spiritual presence shook the three worlds, the brightness of his person exceeded that of the seven lights; and thus traversing the air he approached his native country. The king and ministers having revered him, again returned to the kingdom, and they located themselves in this nyag-

rodha grove.*

Staying with some friends in Alsace, at the mediæval town of Mulhouse, I wrote to Jawaharlal. He said to come by the small train that crossed the border, and at Badenweiler station to walk up the hill (I still remember his saying, "Why take such a marathon walk ?") or preferably take a taxi. He also said to bring some Evian bottles for his wife.

So, clad in light autumnal clothes, perforated summer shoes, a vague overcoat, I set out on my pilgrimage—the three Evian bottles my offerings. And a book my companion.

It was, however, a misty forgotten day; my sun seemed unwilling to even his hemisphere; and after all the Hitlerian smiles and stamps of the frontier police, I landed at the small Badenweiler station. It was all so well organised—I mean the Hitlerite State—that, like a Mara, there stood a liveried guide who would himself take me to the top and to the great Indian leader Nehru.

"Oh, yes," said he, "we Germans are just like you. India is a great land. We have great respect for your leader Gandhi. We would never do to you what the British have done. Those horrible British, the bane of mankind. They've taken away our colonies. The Fuehrer, etc, etc."

Knowing what the Fuehrer had indeed said

* *Buddhist Records of the Western World* translated by Samuel Beal.

in cold print about the Indians (fit to be hewers of wood to the noble Germanic Aryans, and drawers of water), I tucked my bottles under my arm and rushed toward the pension. Hill after hill rose above me, measured as if into civilised stances like those organised elevations that stand one behind the other up the roads to Ooty, and layer after layer of playful mist covered the edges of pine-black trees. Far down in the valley the lifeless railway line ran, and some unacknowledgeable river. The air became crisp. Why, it could almost be the Himalayas (the Terai)—but one never felt the background of snow or the benignant presence of the Ganga.

Lord, what could we Indians do without the Ganga !

Badenweiler is a staid, dumpy town. Almost a township, with its white villas, its arched-in avenues, and its sole sanctuary, the sanatorium up the hill. The thought of *The Magic Mountain* came to me, but I brushed it aside and switched on to Hsuan Tsang :

Then the Master of the Law thought with love of the Bodhisattva Maitreya, and turned his whole mind of the Heaven of the Blessed, earnestly praying to be born again there, in order to offer this Bodhisattva his respects and homage, to bear the excellent Law expounded, and to attain perfect understanding. . . . All at once, in the depths of his ecstatic soul, he seemed to be rising up as high as mount Sumeru, and after passing through one two, there heavens, he seemed to see in the Palace

of the Blessed, the venerable Maitreya, seated on a resplendent throne, and surrounded by a multitude of gods. At this moment he was floating with body and soul on an ocean of joy. . . .

Lord, when I see your face, may it shine as that which brought compassion to man, quadruped and tree, twenty-five centuries ago. If Mahatma Gandhi was a Visvamitra, Pandit Jawaharlal was the Bodhisattva. Lord, mayst thou have a halo round thy auspicious face !

I sat in the feebly lit corridor of the pension and opened the book I'd brought with me. It was *Sur les Traces du Boudha* by Rene Grousset. I had meant to speak of this extraordinarily moving book to Panditji.

What a great thing it would be for India and the world (I said to myself) if Panditji were to declare: "Yes, of course, friend, this be my path. This, the sure, trodden, ancient way. The eightfold path to the knowledge of the root of bondage and freedom from sorrowings,"

Suddenly he appeared, Panditji did. He wore a light overcoat and felt hat, was rounder than I had imagined, and less tall. His lower left lip twitched and twitched again and made enchantment for anyone sensitive (as Panditji's twitches spoke), and when he removed his hat the bald head was a shock. (I had imagined him with long locks of hair, curling and covering his elongated lobes like the Gandharan image of Hadda at the Musee Guimet in Paris). His quick gestures, his sudden

solipsisms, silences, his radiant recognitions, were not of any Jataka text. I was taken aback, almost reeled into the contemporaneity of the world. I felt lost. Why had I come ? Where had I come ?

Panditji went up to his room quickly (he went to leave the manuscript of his autobiography, which he was then correcting) and came down, his passport in hand.

“Let’s go to the bank first. and we’ll have our lunch afterward,” he said. “Is that all right with you ?”

“Oh yes,” I said. Then I blurted, “You know, I am a vegetarian.”

“Of course, of course,” he remarked, and with one smile, so pure, so full, so shy, so all-feeling, he took me twenty-five centuries earlier—at last I’d reached Kapilavastu:

But the Future Buddha in his splendid chariot entered the city with a pomp and magnificence of glory that enraptured all minds. At the same moment Kisa Gotami ascended to the roof of her palace, and beheld the beauty and majesty of the Future Buddha, as he circumambulated the city; and in her pleasure and satisfaction at the sight, she burst forth into this song of joy :

*Full happy now that mother is,
Full happy now that father is,
Full happy now that woman is,
Who owns this Lord so glorious.**

*The Jatakas, translated by H.C. Warren.

Now I remembered my bottles.

"Here are the Evians you asked for," I said.

"How much did you pay for them?" he asked, taking them and leaving them with the cashier.

"Oh, Panditji, for God's sake!" I begged.

"For God's sake what?" he queried nervously.

"I'm an Indian," I said.

"What's that got to do with it?" he remarked with indifferent irritation. He didn't know about my Kapilavastu.

"Well, we're not a nation of shopkeepers," I said. "That's not the way I was brought up."

"We live in the world of today," he said, as if speaking to himself, and angry with me, with himself, and with the whole wide world. And suddenly we slipped back into our awakened silences, and so on the indefinite definition of India.

We walked again on the ridges of Kapilavastu:

*From Kapilavastu to the city of Devadaha he [the King Suddhodana] had the road made even, and garnished in with plantain-trees set in pots and with banners and streamers. . . Now between the two cities. . . was a pleasure grove of sal trees, called Lumbini Grove.**

Kapilavastu is wheresoever we are. When the earth is being tilled and the worms spilt under the sun, the Bodhisattva seated under the lone rose-apple tree, such compassion flows down the valley to

**The Jatakas*, translated by C. H. Warren.

all that sorrows, the very sun stops—he does not move lest the shadow of the tree protect not him who was to show the noble eightfold path. India is every bit of land where we are aware of the worms, were the worms Hitlerite. One walks on the edge of history with care, lest a gesture, a word, indeed an uneven breath, may mean heresy of spirit. The compassion of India flowed into our silence, and for a moment the earth reassured of itself.

The Bodhisattva walks and the trees would bend in homage:

*Advancing in this glory, the future Buddha in one night passed through three kingdoms, and at the end of thirty leagues he came to the river named Anoma.**

At the bank it was curious to see his passport. . . he'd a British passport. It never occurred to one that one was ever British. (Later in Paris once, Panditji, meeting some friends-of-India-looking woman, said, with a nervous, ironic twitch, "Do I look a slave? Who said I'm not free?" There was no place for friendly tears. It was rather a demand for recognition. India, who could ever bind her?)

"Why don't you give me some of your hair?" He laughed at the disorderly strands hanging around my head. They badly needed a barber's care.

**The Jatakas*, translated by H. C. Wareen.

"Take all you want," I said in true offering.

"But how will it stick ?" He laughed again.

"Oh I suppose the miracle can always happen. In India—"

"So, you're married ?" he interjected, following his own thought.

"Yes, Panditji; you see only half of me," I whispered hesitantly. "I wish you could meet my wife. I've taken her to India, you know."

"Oh yes."

"She's so Indian." I seemed to be apologetic.

"Well, my cousin is married to a Hungarian. And why not ?"

I was reassured.

"Romain Rolland spoke to me about you," he said after a long silence as we were walking back to the pension. I still remember the sun was completely unaware of himself and the trees stood inordinately still. They seemed aching for a breath, a touch, an efflorescence of the noncontingential. Everything seeks its own death and discovery, for suchness alone is meaning.

"Oh, did he ?" I mumbled from nowhere.

"Yes, and he said you knew your France well."

"I suppose it's because I recognise my India so deeply, Panditji. With Indian eyes all is meaning."

"Do you always speak like this."

"I always speak to the tree," I answered. I did not mention the Bodhisattva.

*Yatra vetya vanaspate devanam guhya namani
Tatra havyani gamaya*

O Tree, there where thou knowest the secret names of the gods make rich our offerings*

So there was the lunch, thickening of outside air, the hushed temper of a pension where the parents and friends of the sick stay visiting these at the sanatoria. There's always a line of fear among them, of unacknowledged darkness, as if death were not on inexplicable usherance from what was to what is not; death becomes an iron-helmeted visitor, walking amidst tables, behind doors, and beyond in the gaunt countryside. But we were high up, in the nowhere which is India.

"You certainly believe in something, Panditji ? In some form of Deity, in philosophy ?"

"Deity, what Deity ?" He twitched angrily.

"Why, Siva and Parvati, Sri Krishna !"

"Three thousand years of that and where's that got us—slavery, poverty."

"And incomparable splendour, even today."

"What, with twenty-two and a half years of life-expectancy and five pice per person of national income ? We've had enough of Rama and Krishna. Not that I do not admire these great figures of our traditions, but there's work to be done. And not to clasp hands before idols while misery and slavery beleaguer us."

"Yes, and after that ?" I asked, as if to myself, somewhat timidly.

He seemed angry. "Now, now, don't make me

*Rig Veda, 5.5.10, translated by Sri Aurobindo.

say this : matter is matter," he said, touching the table. He was trying very hard to cut his meat.

"No, Panditji, I know you don't." I was winning the battle.

"I am not such a fool. I don't. I also have my private philosophy."

He was silent for a while. And I did not say anything. "Of course," he continued, leaving the meat to its fate, "of course there's something else. All this sun and moon and earth and galaxies, they don't hang about in some chaotic universe. You probably do not know, I studied the natural sciences at Cambridge."

"No, I did not," I said. But he did not hear me.

"There's an intelligence about the world. There's harmony. I am convinced we're linked to that harmony. Individually linked," he added with deliberation, and merged into such sorrowfulness that the earth seemed lighter with his pain.

"So God is mathematical."

"Well, perhaps. Why worry ? And man is not just a . . ."

"Just what ? . . ."

"A biological phenomenon."

"A creature of the 'eighteen aggregates.'"

"Yes, Buddhism comes quite near it; that is something which must be and which connects and sustains."

"But that's Vedanta," I interrupted. "The Buddha was a phenomenologist. Beyond manifestation, the void."

The meat by now had become cold. So had

become my spinach.

"Go where you will," he said slowly, and with a deep wealth of rising sensibility, "man is not a creature of accident. Nor are his apprehensions gratuitous. Man is a whole and he belongs to—to, well let's say a universal harmony."

He lit a cigarette. The coffee had come.

"I've brought you a book," I said. "I thought you may like it?" I now produced my treasure from behind the newspapers I'd carried with me.

"Oh yes. I know the book," he remarked, after taking it from me.

"Perhaps you'd like to read it again."

"My French is not so good. I've read the book in English. My daughter is at school in Switzerland. She speaks fluent French."

"There's a saying of Confucious," I said following my own argument. "It says: 'That kingdom is well ruled where a false note will topple the throne.'"

"Yes, that's true, that's very true."

"Only a Bodhisattva can rule," I murmured.

"What?" He was almost angry. Then he shook the ashes off his cigarette, and with infinite compassion added, "We've no time. History does not wait for us."

"Who made history?" I asked. "The Buddha or—"

"Bimbisara. But—"

"And now," I went on, "the moderates or Mahatma Gandhi?"

"Well, well."

"Do you know Krishnamurti?" I abruptly asked.

He looked away for a moment, as if he were contemplating the birds outside on the lawn and a gash of pitch-black depth in the clouds that seemed apocalyptic.

"Yes, I do," he said in fierce affirmation. "He would like us to blossom out as flowers." (Many years later Panditji went to see Krishnamurti several times.) He stuck his palms up and folded his fingers into bulbous shapes.

"But he and you," I broke in.

"Yes, he and I?"

"He and you can make. . ."

"What?"

"An Asokan Empire."

He fell into himself, his half-closed eyes looking into an edgeless nowhere. Man's cognitions are but the frontier posts of his awareness. When thought reels, you fall back into your poetry and sail an emperor of all the seas.

We came into the drawing room.

"What time is your train?" he asked.

"I think there's one in the evening," I said.

"Oh." He stood thoughtful, almost vacant for a moment.

"We'll go to the sanatorium, up the hill, for a cup of tea. We'll have tea with my wife. Meanwhile, have you anything to read?"

"This book: *Sur les Traces du Bouddha*."

"At three o'clock I'll come down," he added as he went up the staircase. Obviously he was going to work on his manuscript.

The afternoon tea was a highly articulated ritual. Pandit Nehru prepared the tea. Then he made the toast. As he brought a plate of this and I tried to take a piece (for he'd given me a plate with a napkin and a dainty toast fork) my hands trembled and my piece of toast fell on the floor. I was just overwhelmed with such ancient courtesy. Kamala Nehru lay on her hospital bed with radiant naturalness. It was as if I'd known them always. We spoke of France, of India.

"He speaks Urdu, you know," Panditji boasted. "Yes, for a South Indian !"

"True," I said, "but please remember it's Deccani Urdu."

"Well, well." He laughed commiseratingly.

"With a sauce of Aligarh added to it."

"How so ?" exclaimed Kamala Nehru.

"Well, you know I spent a year at Aligarh ?"

"What, that too ?" asked Panditji.

"And before that, did you know, I was at the Madrasa-i-Aliya ?"

"Do you know Persian, then ?" he challenged.

"I've some Muslim theology," I answered. "But no Persian."

"And a vegetarian." Panditji laughed. "We Kashmiris, we eat meat like our Vedic ancestors did. Did you know that ?"

"And pray, who invented the Brahmins ?" I teased.

"The South Indians, of course," he said, and we all joined in a common laughter. The day seemed so bright, so simple.

"Now let's examine his Urdu," said Panditji.
"What's *afternoon* in Deccani Urdu?"

"*Do-pahar*," I answered proudly.

"And late afternoon?"

"Oh, that I'm afraid I do not remember."

"*Tisre-pahar*," said Panditji, victorious. The game was worth it. Kamala Nehru was smiling all the time, sipping her tea.

"And what does *do-phar* mean, anyway?"

"I'm done for," I said. "Sorry, I do not know."

"Well, well—*pahar* simply means change of guard."

"So, *do-pahar* means the second change of guard."

"Now, let's go on the second question. What do they say for an idol in Deccani Urdu?"

"*Murti*," I said.

"We, say *budh*," he remarked proudly. "Well, *budh* may come from the Buddha, and so perhaps the Buddhists did introduce image worship in India." /

"The Greeks, you mean?" I queried. But he was not there. His mind was already making excursions into history and may be philosophy.

"You're too hard on a South Indian," remarked Kamala Nehru, to break the silence.

"Well, it's not too bad for a South Indian, certainly. And he speaks French. And English. And Kannada. . ."

"Do you write in French?" asked Kamala Nehru.

"Oh, so little!" I answered. "It's not worth

mentioning. French is such a dangerous language to handle."

"So is English, for that matter," added Panditji.

"And Urdu," I said, and we all burst out laughing.

Outside on the hills the day was deepening into clouds. The clouds were deepening into dark shining air. The forests were all black, as if huddled in some cosmic fear. Was there going to be a storm?

"Perhaps it will snow," said Panditji.

"No, no. It's too early. It's just the middle of October."

"The weather is full of moods here. You never know," said Kamala Nehru.

"It's better I leave before it's dark," I said.

"No, no. It's not that. It might rain," warned Panditji.

I rose quietly. I made a profound *namaskar* to Kamala Nehru. She seemed so like a figure from the Ramayana or the Mahabharata—simple, wise, dedicated, timeless. To her, acceptance seemed the very breath of beauty. She lay unafraid of the darkness of the clouds, the solitude of the hills, the cruelty of Hitlerite mankind. For one to be was to glow. One could not imagine darkness when her silence spoke.

Panditji came to the door and with quick gestures of hand showed me the twists of the road and the far footpaths, down to there, somewhere, where the railway winds its way through the sentinel forests. It was like a Wagnerian opera set in the Himalayan Terai.

"I hope it will not rain," he said.

"The air is so crisp."

"Take care."

There's a precipitation of air that seems like a chthonic dilemma. Man is not to be measured in terms of his height but in the stature of his resurgence. He is ever the victor. The world encloses one from every side, and the crisp air becomes dense, the earth swellsome, esurient. The ambiguity of the human condition shatters itself into a sort of perpendicular silence. The very trees are males in an apocalyptic pause. Of a sudden the air becomes vacuous with inward sighs and retributions. White flakes of snow fall one after the other, like feathers in a dream. They touch your hair, your limbs, your face, and all the world is touched. (They even penetrate into your perforated shoes.) A white world descends on a dark forest, and birds begin to clamour, to call, to babble in settling discomfort. The skies have resurrected the earth, and all the world is magical white.

"Whose marriage is it?" you ask yourself.

Astyuttarasyam disi devatatma

Himalayo nama nagadhirajah

Purvaparau toyanidhi 'vagahya

Sthitah prithiviyah iva manadandah

There's in the northern sphere, of the very
essence divine,

The Himalaya, emperor of mountains,

Dipping into the eastern and western oceans,

Even a measuring rod for the earth.

I have never, never seen such a snowfall again.

Bertrand Russell

MAN OF RARE DEDICATION

NEHRU was a man of rare dedication who devoted himself to his country from the time of his earliest years. It is not often appreciated that through the long years of struggle which occupied the greater part of his life he had to live under the shadow of potential imprisonment or brutality. Westerners are not sufficiently aware that Mr. Nehru spent fourteen years in prison because of his passionate belief in the emancipation of his country from the indignity of foreign subjection and of poverty, ignorance and disease. Fourteen years is an inconceivable time to be separated from one's family and friends when it is, as it were, in one's own hands to secure release by abandoning the struggle under the pretext of conducting it

in a milder manner. During the years that I was President of the India League in London I knew of the invaluable leadership and direction which Jawaharlal Nehru gave to India.

In the years subsequent to Independence it was an astonishing thing that Nehru was without the faintest suggestion of bitterness toward the nation which subjected his country and imprisoned him. It is a great tribute to him that he insisted that India should be nonaligned in the insane struggle for power which has preoccupied the United States and the Soviet Union at the expense of the welfare of mankind. Faced with overwhelming difficulties and pressures, Mr. Nehru insisted upon the role of mediator where he could have secured financial and military aid from whichever side he might have chosen to use. This decision was responsible for the possibility of a third force of neutral and non-aligned nations, and as such may be a decisive factor in the survival of humanity. Had India foregone nonalignment, it is seriously doubtful that other nations could have maintained it, and areas of conflict would be many more and the sources of mediation nonexistent.

There is a further achievement of the utmost importance which is not sufficiently appreciated. Every conceivable argument has been available to tempt Mr. Nehru to forego democratic institutions in India. Illiteracy and poverty, disease and ignorance, a great subcontinent to govern, severe differences between Muslim and Hindu, many scores of languages and varied cultures reflecting a

tendency toward a breaking up of the Union—all of these serious political facts could have induced him to say that they were too difficult to permit the rule of democracy with its instability.

Had Nehru made this decision, it is doubtful that the rule of law or of representative institutions would have any chance among the emergent nations. To the extent that they do is the achievement of Nehru. Had this decision been made, the varied and rich Indian culture would be subjected to uniform control in the name of security and political unity.

Nehru himself was responsible for an understanding of the magnitude of the contribution made to human knowledge by India and her peoples. His writing has been a primary source of knowledge for the peoples of other countries.

I do not think that the ease with which he might have taken more tempting paths is understood. I do not believe his greatness is fully appreciated, but I have every confidence that if mankind is allowed to survive he will be recognised in a manner adequate to his stature.

Looking back I agree with those who say Nehru made a mistake in not dividing the Congress party into its socialist and non-socialist components by retaining Congress as his political vehicle. After the struggle for independence had been won, Nehru was hampered by the power of the right wing which increasingly came to dominate the Congress party. This domination was only held in check by his own leadership and command over the popula-

tion of India. The price, however, of having to reconcile the powerful economic forces which Congress comprised with his hopes for democratic socialism was the emasculation of the latter programme. India has a slow growth rate and remains stricken with poverty and disease. Nehru's own efforts to alter this would have succeeded more had his party been forthrightly socialist, with an opposition in Parliament representing the very forces which now dominate Congress. It came to be that these forces sought to imprison Nehru even where his policy of nonalignment was concerned, and no small part of Nehru's reluctance to negotiate with the Chinese was owing to his knowledge that the right wing of Congress prevented him from doing so. Nehru himself came to realise this, and perhaps the greatest tragedy of his death—caused in no small part because he carried the burden of India's development on his shoulders—was that he was only now taking forthright steps about his right wing.

A few weeks before his death Nehru announced to Parliament that he was prepared to negotiate with the Chinese on the basis of proposals advanced to him by "my representatives last summer." A year ago it was impossible for Nehru to speak openly of negotiating with China. He was on record as saying there was nothing to negotiate but a matter of slight adjustment to an already determined boundary.

Nehru wrote to me saying that he had made this announcement to Parliament, and days before

his death he informed the Central Committee of the Congress party of his intentions.

Up to the very last, Nehru had in mind to bring peace to his troubled boundaries with Pakistan and China, and he had to struggle against chauvinist and right-wing groupings in his Congress alliance. Nehru embodied throughout his life the policies for which he had to fight, ironically most desperately within the political party he forged.

Nehru, after his stroke, knew that if he retired his chances of survival were good. He also knew that only he could make peace with the Chinese and with Pakistan or defeat the right wing in the Congress alliance. He worked to excess, went to Bombay for political meetings when he was advised to rest. He held meetings with party causes and took major steps such as his announcements to Parliament and the Congress Central Committee of his intentions with regard to the Chinese. He planned to come to the Commonwealth Conference and wrote to me of this. He likely knew he was courting death. It is not possible now to discuss his political battle and the vigour with which he conducted it despite his precarious physical condition. What is evident is that Nehru's death has removed serious hopes of negotiations with China and of settlement over Kashmir. Hopes of peace in Nagaland and of defeat for the right are also lessened. Nehru's absence will teach us how much we owe him.

Adlai E. Stevenson

A GREAT AND A GOOD MAN

WE live in an age swept by tides of history so powerful they shatter human understanding. Only a tiny handful of men have influenced the implacable forces of our time. To this small company of the truly great, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru belongs. We pay him our homage, not just because he is the Prime Minister of India, but because he is a great and a good man. He belongs to the even smaller company of historic figures who wore a halo in their own lifetimes.

"The nation is safe in his hands." Those were Mahatma Gandhi's concluding words when he publicly chose Pandit Nehru as his heir and successor—because of his bravery, his prudence and discipline, his vision and practically, his humility

and his purity.

Three hundred and fifty million of his countrymen love him, follow him, bless him for his brilliant leadership in their struggle for independence, and some say even more because of his character, spirit and sacrifice. Long ago he forsook ease and wealth and security to risk life itself for his country.

A quarter of his life he has spent in prison for the same cause our own revolutionary ancestors pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honour—freedom. Born to exalted station, he knows the “art of being a king,” yet he has a common touch that excites the devotion and understanding of all kinds and conditions of people, and he has a pen and tongue that stir the hearts of millions.

In his address to Congress he said: “Even when preparing to resist aggression, the objective of peace and reconciliation must never be lost sight of, and heart and mind must be attuned to this supreme aim, and not swayed or clouded by hatred or fear.”

So spoke our own Abraham Lincoln. These are words we understand, and we are grateful for the reminder.

Pandit Nehru is the voice of India—the home of a sixth of the human race and the largest stable, solvent democracy in the East. India can be the anchor of freedom in all Asia, but around it swirl dangerous currents and in it live millions in incredible poverty. Bedevilled with the infinite problems of national infancy, of the partition with Pakistan,

of welding innumerable classes and minorities into a single Eastern State based on the liberal tradition of the West, his tasks beggar description.

When an enlightened leader of a great nation leaves the world's busy stage, there is a pause in the pace of human affairs. For some there is genuine grief. For his country there is universal sympathy. But when Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru passes beyond the clamours of his time there is something much more. Who can say what it is? Sadness, anxiety—homage—yes. But in millions of hearts and minds there is much more, for he had become a part of all mankind.

Today we think of the past—of his life of incessant struggle, of his courage and sacrifice, of the burdens he bore, of his incalculable achievements, of his triumphs—yes, and of the staggering unfinished tasks that were before him.

With India's immortal spiritual leader Mahatma Gandhi, Nehru brought modern India to birth and hundreds of millions of people to national consciousness. He lived to guide his vast country with consummate skill through the first perilous years of national existence. He died not in honoured tranquillity and repose, but at his post, besieged with difficulties. Prime Minister Nehru's influence extended far beyond the borders of his own country. He was a leader of Asia and of all the new, developing nations. His vision and his strength had much to do with the expanding role which those nations have come to play in recent years.

And in other parts of the world, as well, his name had come to be synonymous with the spiritual goals and the wordly hopes of mankind.

It is not easy to speak of a man whom I had the privilege of calling my friend for many years, when the wound is yet fresh. In his last visit to the U.S.A. we talked about statesmanship and diplomacy. Readers will perhaps be interested in something he said to me :

“There is no difficulty in choosing between right and wrong if the question appears in that sense. It doesn’t always appear that way, though. And in white and black there are many shades of gray.”

Pandit Nehru knew better than most that many of life’s great decisions are painted not in black and white but in shades of gray.

It is said that a wise man who stands firm is a statesman, and a foolish man who stands firm is a catastrophe.

The hope of the world rests with leaders who have the gift of firmness and of flexibility. Prime Minister Nehru had both.

He truly lived Gandhi’s old dream of building an India and a world in which the culture of all lands would be “blown about his house,” and where there would be “room for the least of God’s creations.” He was one of God’s great creations in our time. His monument is his nation and his dream of freedom and of ever-expanding well-being for all men.

U Thant

A GREAT LEADER OF MEN

PRIME Minister Nehru, in my view, was one of the most perceptive analysts of the threads of human history, and he was a great leader of men because he understood the trends of human history. He was not only a great man, but a good man. His extraordinary qualities endeared him not only to the people of India but to people all over the world who had at heart peace, justice and equality for mankind. I think one of the reasons for his greatness was his understanding of the human situation in the shadow of the hydrogen bomb.

He was one of the greatest torchbearers of new concepts, new approaches, and new attitudes toward new problems. He realised more than anybody else, I believe, that the old concepts, old

approaches, and even old philosophies, if I may say so, are facing a completely new set of circumstances. Pandit Nehru therefore tried to lead humanity from these age-old concepts and age-old approaches to the new concepts and new approaches and new philosophies, to be in tune with the needs and circumstances of our times. He was endowed with a very sharp intellect, a quality which is highly prized in Western societies. At the same time he was endowed with much wisdom and great moral virtues, qualities which are universally esteemed in the East, in our own part of the world. But his greatness lay in the fact that he was so adaptable, and he was so capable of adjusting himself to new environments and new conditions that he was a tower of strength both in regard to intellectual and moral values.

In the West, if I am correct in my reading of Western concepts, the stress is on the intellectual development of man. In the East, traditionally, the concept of education is different. There we try to develop the moral and spiritual qualities of men. My feeling is that a purely intellectual development unaccompanied by corresponding moral and spiritual development is sure to lead humanity from one crisis to another, while a purely moral and spiritual development without a corresponding intellectual development is an anachronism. Pandit Nehru realised this basic fact. If I am to point to a great man, a great leader of men, who understood this trend of history—who understood the need to harmonise the intellectual qualities of

men with the moral and spiritual qualities of men—it was Pandit Nehru.

Jawaharlal Nehru was also a convinced internationalist. He believed, genuinely and sincerely, in the value of international co-operation. He appeared before the United Nations General Assembly in November 1961, and he said then :

More and more we live under a kind of regime of terror. Terror of what ? Terror of some kind of catastrophe like war descending upon us ? Some kind of disaster when nuclear weapons are used and future of the world's survival is imperilled. The choice today before the world is a choice of self-extinction or survival. Many people think and talk about escaping the disaster of a nuclear war by burrowing into the earth and living like rats in a hole. Surely it's a strange commentary on our times that we should be driven to this conclusion instead of diverting all of our energies and all of our strength to the prevention of the catastrophe.

As an antidote he offered co-operation :

The essential thing about this world is co-operation. Little is known, or little is said, about this co-operation that is going on, but a great deal is said about every point of conflict, and so the world is full of this idea that the conflicts go on and we live on the verge of disaster. Perhaps it would be a truer picture if the co-operative elements in the world were put forward and we were made to think that the world depends upon co-operation and not

on conflict.

And he went on to suggest :

Perhaps this Assembly might resolve to call upon all countries of the world to devote a year, not to speeches about peace; I do not think that is much good, but to the furtherance of co-operative activities in any field, political, cultural, or whatever fields there may be, and there are thousands of fields.

Norman Thomas

BUILDER OF A NATION

OF all the writers who are contributing to the memorial tribute to that great man, Jawaharlal Nehru, I am probably the least qualified to speak from intimate acquaintance with him or familiarity with the nation he did so much to build. I have, however, from my own country followed the process by which India won and is preserving its freedom with very deep interest and sympathy. I never met Gandhi but I have studied his life and written in tribute to him. I have had the honour of some acquaintance with Nehru. It is against that background that I, a democratic socialist, deeply concerned for peace, am writing this brief personal appraisal of one of the dominant figures in this troubled world's "revolution of rising ex-

pectations.”

Nehru's first great role was as Gandhi's principal lieutenant in one of the greatest of the world's achievements: the building of a nation and the winning of independence by a conscious choice of nonviolence in the struggle. It is true that Gandhi's methods would not have prevailed had the imperial power been Hitler's Germany or Stalin's Russia. But that it prevailed against Rudyard Kipling's (and Winston Churchill's) Britain was an extraordinary achievement. It lighted a beacon of hope in our violent times. In the struggle Gandhi needed to be supplemented by a man of very different background, in short, a man like Nehru. He was an intellectual, no mystic, a child of wealth, trained in the learning and customs of the imperial power, friend of many of the English, who put himself wholly into the struggle of his own people.

In a very real sense, Gandhi, Nehru and their comrades built the nation which they freed. The subcontinent of India was never a political unity, not even under Asoka. The British kept it divided except as it existed in a unity of subjection to an outside power whose imperialism came to be relatively enlightened. It was the struggle for freedom in which Nehru played so great a part which so largely succeeded in drawing together in our time the India of so many castes, languages, and semi-autonomous political divisions.

But after Independence was won there came what I suspect Nehru himself found the harder

task: that of building out of the old India a new nation loyal, in our times of violence and dictatorships, to the ideals and practices of democracy. We of the Western world should be profoundly grateful that he succeeded as well as he did.

It is, however, one of the great tragedies of our tragic times that this splendid achievement of independence and national unity was nevertheless far from complete and that the triumph of Gandhi's nonviolence was marred by partition of the subcontinent along religious lines and the terrible, heart-breaking popular strife between Hindus and Moslems which accompanied it.

Whether or not any course of action by Gandhi and Nehru and their party could have won independence without partition it would be presumptuous for me to say. But if I, a sympathetic observer, was as heartbroken as I was by the insanely bigoted outbreak of popular violence between Hindus and Moslems, I can imagine what it must have meant to Nehru, who had to deal with it and to deal with it without the tremendous moral and spiritual support of Gandhi after the Mahatma's assassination early in the life of the young republic. In our grim world I suppose that a dominant emotion should be rejoicing that the young democratic republic should have survived as well as it did. But I can never forget the impression made on me by refugees in and out of camps in India and Pakistan when I visited the subcontinent in 1951.

As a socialist, I wish India under Nehru could

have made further progress along socialist lines, but I have already expressed my admiration and gratitude to Nehru for his loyalty to democracy.

These rather dogmatic judgments do not lend themselves to discussion at this time in this memorial. They are, however, essential to an understanding of my opinion that Nehru, like other idealists who have had to assume power in troubled times, could not altogether impose his ideals upon them. Great men may shape and change their environment to a greater or lesser degree; they cannot altogether escape it. The revolutionist who could wage a revolution practically without violence could not altogether escape it when the duties and responsibilities of government in our troubled times were imposed upon him.

It would have been one more great service if Nehru could have left to the world his own reflections on the years in which he guided his country, and his own appraisals of his problems, his successes and his failures. The world's appraisal will be greatly influenced by the way in which his countrymen carry on.

Arnold Toynbee

HOW HE MOVED MANKIND

I DID not know Nehru at all intimately; in fact, I did not even meet him many times. But his personality made an immediate impression at one's first meeting with him, and this impression did not change over the years. Nor was the effect he made just an impression; the word is too weak and too cold. 'Captivation' comes nearer to the truth. Here was a human being who could win one's heart and keep it.

This would be something remarkable in anyone in any walk of life, but in someone whose position was humble and obscure it might not be so surprising as it was in a world-famous statesman who has left a deep mark, and this on the whole world and not just on his own country, In this

great statesman, the lovable human being was not smothered by the eminent public figure. I should say that, in Nehru, there was not even the faintest touch of pomposity or self-importance or self-consciousness. He retained the spontaneity and the buoyancy of youth after he had been carrying for years an unusually heavy burden of office. It was not till his last years that the unforeseen breach between India and China began to bow him down under its weight.

My first meeting with Nehru happened to bring out the essence of his personality in a way that was amusing but also illuminating and, above all, morally impressive. The date was one of the inter-war years and Nehru had just finished serving one of his terms of imprisonment by the British Government of India. He had come out of prison and had come to England for a holiday. An English lady invited me to lunch in her house to meet him. Nehru was already there when I arrived, but when the door opened for the next guest, it was a British general in uniform, and when the general saw Nehru, his jaw dropped. Apparently he had been implicated in some way in the sentence that Nehru had just been serving. (I never could discover whether our hostess' act in inviting the general and Nehru to meet each other had been deliberate or inadvertent. I dare say it was inadvertent. Her husband's family had a long-standing connection with India, and she may have thought vaguely that two men who were both connected with India in some way or other would

probably fit well at the same lunch party.)

I wondered how Nehru was going to take the situation. During the few minutes of conversation before the general's arrival, Nehru had left us in no doubt about his militancy. Manifestly, he was going all out to win India's independence from Britain; he was in the battle up to the hilt. Would his reception of the embarrassed British general be stiff? Would it be grim? This question was answered instantaneously by a twinkle that came into Nehru's eye. The situation had struck him as being funny, and he entertained us by teasing the general ever so gently—making him become more and more nervously conciliatory at each sly poke. This incident, though trifling in itself, was a revelation. I was in the presence of a human being who could fight—and fight with might and main—without hating his human opponents.)

There was plenty of fuel for ire in Nehru's experience at British hands. Terms of imprisonment take painful bites out of a brief human life, and the fighters for India's independence were being imprisoned by the British for acting under the inspiration of ideals to which the British themselves officially subscribed and which they took seriously, for their own benefit, at home. Here were grounds for bitterness, but Nehru showed none. I had known that fighting without hating was one of Mahatma Gandhi's principles. Here, in one of his chief companions, I was seeing something out of the Sermon on the Mount being practised in real life, and this without any smug-

ness and without any apparent effort. That bowled me over, and the memory of that lunch is as vivid in my mind today as if it had happened yesterday and not thirty years ago.

[Another personal memory of mine involves an incident which was still slighter, but it too is revealing. One day in 1956 the University of Delhi was doing me the honour of conferring a degree on me, and I was still far from the university precincts when the hour fixed for the ceremony overtook me. The university is in the old Civil Lines, at the opposite end of the seven (or is it fourteen ?) Delhis from the Ashoka Hotel, and we had been held up by the traffic in the crowded streets of Shahjahanabad. When we were at last within about a quarter of a mile of the university (but about three quarters of an hour late) I was taken aback by the sudden appearance of Nehru running toward us. How could the Prime Minister have made the time to honour and please me by taking a personal part in the academic proceeding ? And why was it he, of all people, who had set out in search of me ; I had wasted an additional three quarters of an hour of his time, but he was not cross. The sufferers were his security men.

When we arrived at the university, we found them in a flap having failed to prevent the Prime Minister from darting out through their cordon. That anxiety was well justified. Had not the Mahatma Gandhi been assassinated ? And was not the Prime Minister the man on whom Gandhi's mantle had fallen ?)

The last time that I met Nehru was in 1960, and it was sad to see him, not changed in spirit, but now visibly labouring under his load. He had asked me to come and visit him, and at our meeting I tried to keep off the subject of China, since this was, I knew, what was most tormenting him at the time. It was no use. He raised the subject himself and was evidently harrowed and almost obsessed by it. It was a striking contrast to previous meetings, but then, as each time before, came the human act that took one by surprise. I was in New Delhi to give the second series of Azad Memorial lectures (Nehru himself had been the first lecturer). I had just got to my feet to begin my first lecture when the Prime Minister came into the hall. Once again, he had made the time to take a personal part in academic proceedings, in order to give pleasure to a guest. This was generous in a Prime Minister.)

It seems certain that, for ages to come, Nehru will be remembered as a historic figure, but what is the future picture of him going to be? The lovable human being whom his intimate friends knew much better than I did—made his impression on one through one's meeting him in the flesh. At second or seventieth hand, this vivid personal impression will be dimmed, at best, and in time may be almost effaced.

Will Nehru be remembered as a great statesman? Unquestionably he was that. But I have suggested, and here I believe I am right, that his eminence in public affairs was not the distinctive

thing about him. One must be thankful when a noble soul takes on itself the burden of political leadership, for politics are always in need of redeeming. They are a backward field of human activity in which our average standard of behaviour is decidedly lower than it is in family life or in our professional vocations. A noble soul goes into politics at its peril, for politics are as difficult to redeem as they are in need of redemption. Politics are intractable. They cannot be redeemed in one short lifetime, even by one of those rare spirits that combine high idealism with practical genius. The noblest-minded statesman cannot altogether escape becoming a bondsman of his imperious circumstances. To be caught on the sorrowful wheel is part of the personal price that the statesman-idealist has to pay. It is more blessed to be imprisoned for the sake of one's ideals than to imprison other people, incongruously, in the name of the same ideals. Nehru lived to have both experiences. This was the nemesis of taking over the responsibility for the government of a great country.

For Nehru himself, his political career, eminent though it was, was not, I believe, the most important thing in his life, because for him it was not an end in itself. For him it was a means of serving his fellow human beings—his Indian fellow countrymen in the first place, but not them alone, for his feeling for his fellows embraced the whole of mankind. Nehru has virtually said as much in more than one of his public utterances.

He did care intensely for mankind's welfare and destiny, and his vision of this will be the thing in him for which he will be remembered by posterity if the verdict of history faithfully reflects the fundamental truth about him.

I find it difficult to pigeonhole this human personality in any of those impersonal categories in which historians deal. But if constrained to try my hand at this, I should say that Nehru served his fellow men most fruitfully and most characteristically by taking his place in a series of interpreters and mediators between the civilisation of the West and the other living civilisations. In modern times the West has been making a revolutionary impact on the rest of the world. The impact has been so potent that non-Westerners have been confronted with the choice of coming to terms with it or being hopelessly overwhelmed by it. Conversely, the West is now finding that it, for its own part, has to come to terms with the non-Western majority of the human race. We seem, in fact, to be in the birth throes of a new society embracing the whole human race, with all the manifold and contradictory traditions of its formerly segregated sections. This seems to be the goal toward which the last four or five hundred years of the world's history have been leading. If this diagnosis is correct, the role of interpretation and mediation is the key role in the present age. It is a more important role than the mere statesman's; and, in fact, some of the most effective of the interpreters have done their work out-

side the political arena. They have done it as scholars, writers, poets and prophets. Nehru was one of those who have played this part on the political stage, and, among the statesmen-interpreters of one civilisation to another, one can distinguish more than one type. There is the ruthless sergeant-major who dragoons his troops into putting themselves through the excruciating process of cultural mutation; and there is the seer who inspires his followers to tread the same painful path voluntarily. Famous representatives of the first of these two types were Peter the Great, Mohammed Ali, Mustafa Kemal Ataturk, and in a rather more deft and lighthanded way, the authors of the Meiji Revolution in Japan.

Jawaharlal Nehru is evidently a representative of the type that moves mankind, not by coercion, but by persuasion; and the other representatives of this kind of leader who first come into my mind are all Indians, like Nehru himself. One of them is the Emperor Asoka, who was converted, by his experience of life, from being a coercionist into becoming a missionary, but who did his lifework, throughout, on the political stage. The other two whom I think of first are Raja Ram Mohun Roy, the founder of Brahmo Samaj, and of course Jawaharlal Nehru's master and mentor, Mahatma Gandhi.

This is the company to which Nehru belongs, and in which he deserves to be remembered and to be immortalised.

EXTRACTS FROM THE WILL AND TESTAMENTS OF JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

I HAVE received so much love and affection from the Indian people that nothing that I can do can repay even a small fraction of it, and indeed there can be no repayment of so precious a thing as affection. Many have been admired, some have been revered, but the affection of all classes of the Indian people has come to me in such abundant measure that I have been overwhelmed by it. I can only express the hope that in the remaining years I may live I shall not be unworthy of my people and their affection.

To my innumerable comrades and colleagues, I owe an even deeper debt of gratitude. We have been joint partners in great undertakings and have shared the triumphs and sorrows which inevitably accompany them.

I wish to declare with all earnestness that I do not want any religious ceremonies performed for me after my death. I do not believe in any such ceremonies, and to submit to them, even as a matter of form, would be hypocrisy and an attempt to delude ourselves and others.

When I die I should like my body to be cremated. If I die in a foreign country, my body should be

cremated there and my ashes sent to Allahabad. A small handful of these ashes should be thrown into the Ganga, and the major portion of them disposed of in the manner indicated below. No part of these ashes should be retained or preserved.

My desire to have a handful of my ashes thrown into the Ganga at Allahabad has no religious significance, so far as I am concerned. I have no religious sentiment in the matter. I have been attached to the Ganga and the Jamuna rivers in Allahabad ever since my childhood, and as I have grown older this attachment has also grown. I have watched their varying moods as the seasons changed, and have often thought of the history and myth and tradition and song and story that have become attached to them through the long ages and become part of their flowing waters. The Ganga, especially, is the river of India, beloved of her people, round which are intertwined her racial memories, her hopes and fears, her songs of triumph, her victories and her defeats. She has been a symbol of India's age-long culture and civilisation, ever-changing, ever-flowing, and yet ever the same Ganga. She reminds me of the snow-covered peaks and deep valleys of the Himalayas, which I have loved so much, and of the rich and vast plains below, where my life and work have been cast. Smiling and dancing in the morning sunlight, and dark and gloomy and full of mystery as the evening shadows fall; a narrow, slow and graceful stream in winter, and a vast roaring thing during the monsoon; broad-bosomed almost as the sea,

and with something of the sea's power to destroy, the Ganga has been to me a symbol and a memory of the past of India, running into the present and flowing on to the great ocean of the future. And though I have discarded much of past tradition and custom, and am anxious that India should rid herself of all shackles that bind and constrain her and divide her people, and suppress vast numbers of them, and prevent the free development of the body and spirit; though I seek all this, yet I do not wish to cut myself off from that past completely. I am proud of that great inheritance that has been, and is, ours, and I am conscious that I too, like all of us, am a link in that unbroken chain which goes back to the dawn of history in the immemorial past of India. That chain I would not break, for I treasure it and seek inspiration from it. And as witness of the desire of mine and as my last homage to India's cultural inheritance, I am making this request that a handful of my ashes be thrown into the Ganga at Allahabad to be carried to the great ocean that washes India's shore.

The major portion of my ashes should, however, be disposed of otherwise. I want these to be carried high up into the air in an aeroplane and scattered from that height over the fields where the peasants of India toil, so that they might mingle with the dust and soil of India and become an indistinguishable part of India.

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

21 June 1954

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